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LETTERS

Ike's Parties

Sir: A. E. Cornell calling for "Independents for Eisenhower" (TIME Letters, July 30) is hereby seconded.

Let's polish that Philadelphia Bell for a clean, clear ring heralding "Ike" for President.

ROBERT J. BIRCH

Arlington, Mass.

Sir:

Who will nominate Eisenhower for President? Is he Democrat or Republican? We know he is committed to the defense of Europe from Communism, but does he favor keeping Communism out of America? What is more to the point, does he favor the Fabian Socialism of the New Deal, or the Fair Deal? Or does he believe in preserving the capitalist system?

There is but one logical man for President, Bob Taft . . .

RAY SHELLEN

Ekalaka, Mont.

Oops, Surrey!

Sir:

You say in the July 30 issue that "Len Hutton, playing for Surrey, joined the select group of 13 cricketers who have made their 100th century."

Len Hutton does not play for Surrey but for Yorkshire. It was whilst playing against Surrey at London's Kennington Oval that he scored his 100th century.

H. A. TOMALIN

Victoria, B.C.

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TIME
August 20, 1951

Volume LVIII
Number 8

TIME, AUGUST 20, 1951

1. What is Arthritis?
2. What are the most common forms of Arthritis?
3. What causes rheumatoid Arthritis?
4. Is there hope of conquering Arthritis?
5. Has a "sure cure" been discovered for Arthritis?
6. How can you guard against Arthritis?



Can you answer these questions about **ARTHRITIS?**

1. Q What is Arthritis?

A. Arthritis is the term applied to many different diseases affecting the joints of the body. All of the arthritic diseases are characterized by inflammation or swelling of the joints, but these conditions differ widely as to causes, symptoms, and the kind of treatment required. In its various forms, arthritis affects more than 3 million Americans. In fact, it is a leading cause of chronic illness in our country today.

2. Q What are the most common forms of Arthritis?

A. Of all types of arthritis, the chronic forms, *osteoarthritis* and *rheumatoid arthritis*, are by far the most common. Osteoarthritis is primarily the result of aging, or normal wear-and-tear on the joints. It rarely develops before age 40 and it seldom causes severe crippling. Rheumatoid arthritis is a much more serious disorder. It usually strikes between the ages of 20 and 50, and unless it is properly treated the joints may become permanently damaged.

3. Q What causes rheumatoid Arthritis?

A. Although the exact cause of rheumatoid arthritis is unknown, a variety of factors are involved in its onset. In this condition, there is usually evidence of disease of the entire system—such as loss of weight, fatigue, anemia, infection, emotional strain, and nutritional deficiencies. Since many factors may be involved, doctors stress the importance of a *thorough physical examination* of each patient. This is essential to proper diagnosis and treatment, which in all cases must be based upon the patient's *individual needs*.

4. Q Is there hope of conquering Arthritis?

A. Yes, indeed! Methods of treatment for all types of arthritis are constantly being improved. The outlook for further advances is now more hopeful than ever before—thanks to research which is yielding new facts about the underlying causes of arthritis, especially the rheumatoid type.

5. Q Has a "sure cure" been discovered for Arthritis?

A. No, indeed! Yet, many people are still misled by claims that are made for certain "arthritis cures" or other forms of therapy that are worthless. Authorities emphasize that proper medical care offers the only hope of permanent relief from arthritis. Today, about 60 percent of the victims can be greatly benefited, and in some cases completely relieved, if proper treatment is commenced early.

6. Q How can you guard against Arthritis?

A. Doctors say there are certain precautions that everyone can take to help prevent arthritis, or to lessen the effect if it should occur. Here are some of them: keep weight normal . . . try to maintain good posture . . . get sufficient rest, sleep, and exercise . . . eat a balanced daily diet . . . have regular medical and dental examinations . . . maintain a calm mental outlook . . . see your doctor whenever *persistent pain occurs in any joint*.

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**PREFERRED AMONG
MEN AT THE TOP**

Sir:

... Gad, sirs, your error is almost as bad as making tea without warming the pot first, or expecting the beer here to be cold...

ROY PETERS

Bristol, England

Sir:

The incomparable Len Hutton—"White Rose Wonder" and "Pride of Pudsey"—a Surrey cricketer? ... After such a howler I should scarcely raise an eyebrow were you to assert that Joe DiMaggio plays for the Boston Red Sox.

Nevertheless, congratulations on an amusing and sporting excursion into the realms of the mystic.

J. B. FALLER

London, England

¶ To Yorkshire's Pudsey and to Pudsey's pride, TIME's apologies.—Ed.

Washington's Store Teeth

Sir:

You discuss in your July 23 issue the presence and absence of Washington's dentures in Gilbert Stuart portraits of that famous statesman. To settle an argument, please let me know what Washington's dentures were really made of...

EMMI COLTON

Hendersonville, N.C.

Sir:

My grandfather told me that [they] were made [from] the tusk of a sea lion...

EDWIN MECHEM

Las Cruces, N. Mex.

¶ Of the three known sets of George Washington's false teeth, one was wooden (they pricked his gums with splinters), one iron (which port wine discolored) and one—a natty set—of ivory.—Ed.

Clean Sport

Sir:

As an amateur female cyclist, one of the few, rare and odd species of animal known to man, I wish to praise, commend and cheer your brief but wonderful July 16 article on the beginning of the *Tour de France*.

Articles on this magnificent sport are so few and far between that, with cyclists, they have become collectors' items... Cycling is a clean, untouched and exciting sport, and with some aid can be American...

PHYLLIS H. RISSE

New York City

Pushing Water Around

Sir:

According to your July 30 report, "Endless Frontiers," the Bureau of Reclamation plans to shuffle and redeel all the rivers of the West, with lordly disregard of natural obstacles, economics and state boundaries... There are many reasons why this Buck Rogers enterprise is unworthy of serious consideration...

No land, however fertile, could pay out if charged its proportionate share of the cost of such developments. Here in the San Joaquin Valley, the most productive farming area in the U.S., irrigation districts which have contracted with the bureau for supplemental water have taken on a financial burden it will be impossible to carry, if a general and substantial decline in farm prices should occur...

California, Oregon and Washington have repudiated these schemes to divide up their water and let the bureaucrats play Santa Claus with it. In the West, water is just as valuable as land or money in the bank, and



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Fresno, Calif. CHARLES L. KAUPKE

Sir:

. . . Oregon will vigorously oppose the use of its water resources in the manner described in your story. Many sections of California oppose the bureau's plan . . .

Bend, Ore. ROBERT W. SAWYER

Sir:

. . . We have about 17,000 acres of developed pump irrigation farms around the middle of the project region which, with the U.S.B.R. experimental farms, are proving the versatility, fertility and adaptability of the soil and climate. You have one of the best articles we have seen, but we groan to think of the flood of land inquiries pending.

Moses Lake, Wash. OMAR L. BIXLER

Submarine Soundings

Sir:

Re the pronunciation of submariner in your July 30 Letters column: If you mean by submariner (second syllable accented) a mariner of second class standing, I'll buy it. But if you mean, as General Bradley used

the word in *A Soldier's Story*, one whose occupation is working on or commanding a submarine, I'd prefer accenting syllable one . . .

PHILIP M. WOOLWORTH
Cassopolis, Mich.

Sir:

. . . The word submariner is accented on the third syllable; British pronunciation on the second.

Hartford, Conn. GRACE M. WARNER

Sir:

In a recent issue of *All Hands*, the Bureau of Naval Personnel Information Bulletin, appears the following:

Members of the Navy's undersea forces have their troubles also, when it comes to pronouncing the word "submariner". Do you pronounce it subMARiner or subma-RENEer? The Navy's submariners held a conference and settled the matter themselves. It was announced they would prefer to be called submaRENEers (accent on the third syllable), and this pronunciation has been officially adopted. They objected to the pronunciation subMARiner on the grounds that it might connote a mariner who is below par . . .

ELIZABETH BOWMAN

Chicago

Bombay's Current

Sir:

In your May 28 account of Prime Minister Nehru's attack on part of India's press, you mention four Bombay "sensational" weeklies which attacked Nehru's domestic policy and "scurriously attacked the U.S."

It is regrettable that *Time* cannot distinguish between our paper the *Current* and the others which were mentioned. *Current* has never scurriously attacked the U.S.

D. F. KARAKA
Editor

The *Current*
Bombay, India

¶ *TIME* regrets its misreading of a cable dispatch, apologizes to the *Current*.—ED.

How Honeywell Controls help put the Wonder Drugs in the reach of all who need them



Remember the early days of penicillin, aureomycin and the other Wonder Drugs? Even then they promised relief to millions of sufferers. But—they could be produced only in scientists' laboratories. So the output was tiny, the prices prohibitive.

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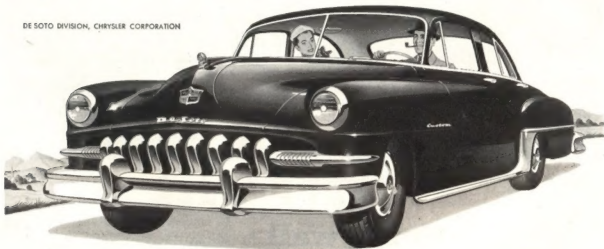


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INDEX

Cover Story... 22

News in Pictures... 18

Art.....60	Miscellany....96
Books.....90	Music.....66
Business.....77	National Affairs 11
Cinema.....86	People.....34
Education.....54	Press.....43
Foreign News...22	Radio & TV.....63
Letters.....92	Religion.....38
Medicine.....58	Science.....70
Milestones.....69	Sport.....51

War in Asia.....20

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A LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

Dear Time-Reader

TIME is in the business of telling the news of any one country to readers in more than 180 other countries and territories. To me, one of the most interesting things about this business is the difference between what is generally known by people outside a country and what is known to be most important by people inside it.



One good measure of this discrepancy was taken this year by Bill Honneus, TIME's International Advertising Director. With the help of two Can-

adian companies, he sent to 1,595 Canadian businessmen a "blind" questionnaire (TIME was not mentioned) listing 50 important facts about Canada. Replying, 701 of these leading Canadian businessmen checked the ten facts which they thought most important for U.S. citizens to know. Here, in order, are their top ten choices:

1. "America's best customer." Canada buys more U.S. products than any other nation in the world—more than France, Germany and Italy combined.
2. Canada is the world's largest producer of newsprint, nickel, radium, platinum, asbestos—ranks second in wood pulp, aluminum, gold.
3. Canada pays cash on the barrel-head for U.S. goods.
4. In Labrador and northern Quebec, Canada is developing one of the world's richest bodies of iron ore; combined U.S. and Canadian interests plan to invest more than \$250 million in this enterprise.
5. Canada is one of the few countries to solve her "dollar gap" without direct U.S. loans and grants.
6. Larger than all Europe, third largest country in the world, Canada's 3.8 million square miles are topped only by the U.S.S.R. and China.

7. Every third dollar paid by Canadian firms in interest and dividends goes to U.S. investors.

8. The U.S. has more than \$5½ billion in private investments in Canada—more than any other country.*

9. Unlike the U.S., the Canadian government has had a budget surplus every year since the war.

10. Interest and dividends (see #7) totaling 320 million Canadian dollars crossed into the U.S. last year.

Some Canadians said that they would happily settle for knowledge of Canada much less specific than all this. "Americans should know," noted one



BILL HONNEUS
Measured discrepancy.

wisfully, "that most of us don't move around on our business affairs on snowshoes."

After hearing from the Canadians, Honneus worked many of the facts obtained from them into a general test for members of New York State's Chamber of Commerce. About 22½ of the test-takers erred in thinking U.S.-British trade greater than U.S.-Canadian. More than half (69%) knew that U.S. private

investments in Canada top those of any other country, but 56% underestimated the amount by \$3.2 billion. In fact, most showed a general knowledge of Canada, but fell far short of the facts in their specific estimates of her trade, size and industrial importance.



You, as a TIME-reader, would no doubt avoid many such mistakes, since most of the ten facts have been recorded once or several times in stories which appeared in all five editions of TIME.

Cordially yours,

James A. Linen

* In fast-growing Canada this figure has gone up since TIME's surveys first began last year.



The Magnavox Belvedere in stunning blonde oak.



THE BELVEDERE, with big 20-inch TV, AM-FM radio, 3-speed player. In blonde oak, \$610. In rich mahogany finish, **\$595**. Available as radio-phonograph only, to which Magnavox TV can be added later; in blonde oak, \$350; or mahogany, \$335.

THE WESTOVER, TV console with 20-inch tube and 12-inch Magnavox speaker. **\$359.50** Mahogany finish.



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THE NATION

The Bill for Defense

Herodotus figured that 100,000 men toiled 20 years in the hot Egyptian sun to build the Great Pyramid of Cheops. Assuming a twelve-hour day and a seven-day week, this works out at 8.7 billion man-hours. The U.S. is now getting ready to put forth every year a defense effort equivalent to five Pyramids of Cheops.

Last week's action by Congress on the \$56 billion arms bill raises total defense estimates to \$74 billion a year. Other items: an estimated \$4.5 billion for another year of war in Korea, \$5.7 billion for military construction, and \$7.8 billion for the nation's allies. At an average wage of \$1.75 an hour, \$74 billion will buy 42 billion man-hours of work. Theoretically, the whole U.S. labor force of 62 million will have to work for 17 weeks to pay the \$74 billion tax bill. The \$74 billion tax bill is 3½ times what the U.S. spends for shoes and clothing, almost four times what it spends for shelter, almost 14 times what it spends for transportation. It would buy enough four-door Chevrolet sedans to stretch bumper to bumper four times around the world. It would provide for all U.S. medical care for eight years, or all U.S. education for a decade. It would build 200 Panama Canals.

In World War II, the nation spent at a higher rate (\$50 billion in the peak year of 1945). But the present spending has no clearly visible end. As far as anyone can tell, the U.S. taxpayer will go on & on building his five pyramids (or more) a year.

This effort, unprecedented in history, is partly caused by changes in military technology: in Julius Caesar's day, the average cost of killing a man in war was 75¢; in World War I, it was \$21,000; in World War II \$75,000, and the cost is still going up. The U.S. would not have a chance of meeting the increased cost of security if it were not for changes in industrial technology, which may be moving even faster than military technology. Nobody knows whether the U.S. can, in fact, carry the burden. It is only certain that no other nation ever could. Two centuries ago, a nation that could spend on sustained defense 10% of its food bill would have been a marvel. The U.S. now thinks

it can spend \$7 billion more for defense in a year than it does for its total annual food bill.

This cost, arising out of a successful conspiracy in Russia 33 years ago, plus Communist gains and American blunders since then, has to be shouldered. But neither Americans nor their allies can ignore the fact that \$74 billion is \$480 for every man, woman & child in the U.S. As Winston Churchill might put it: Never in the field of human conflict was so much owed by so many.

THE CONGRESS

Pig in a Poke

The House passed the \$56 billion arms bill, 348 to 2.* Few bills have been voted by such a big majority with so little certainty; Congressmen knew they were

* The two: Howard Buffett, Nebraska Republican and diehard isolationist; Fred Marshall, Minnesota Democrat and farmer, who had "no quarrel" with the bill, but wanted to register "no confidence in the spending policies of the Defense Department."

buying an enormous pig in a poke—a pig representing three-fourths of the whole federal budget.

Above the quiet but troubled debate before the final vote sounded the voice of Massachusetts' Richard Wigglesworth. A member of Congress since 1928, Bostonian Wigglesworth established his heavy-set figure at the reading stand, and began with a familiar Republican charge. "This \$56 billion appropriation bill," he said bitterly, "represents a down payment on tragic errors in judgment made at the conference tables of Teheran, Yalta and Potsdam. It amounts to a ransom for an appeasement policy which this Administration has pursued in Asia . . . a mortgage on the life of every American for blunders made . . . [Now] we must ask ourselves if we [can] substitute billions for leadership, bullets for statesmanship."

But Congressman Wigglesworth, member of the Appropriations Committee, had more than that on his mind. From then on, he spoke for many members on both sides of the aisle. What he said supplied one

reason why the 82nd is behind in its work, underlined the difficulties of making any sense out of anything so vast as the U.S. budget.

"Some 24 inches." He said in effect: Congress can no longer handle the budget intelligently. Once, under the 1946 Reorganization Act, the Appropriations Committee was well staffed with clerks and statisticians. It no longer is. The committee's staff, charged Wigglesworth, was "decimated" by the Democratic-controlled 81st Congress "in clear violation of the spirit of that act." Wigglesworth and his colleagues found themselves unable to form any opinion about items in the budget involving hundreds of millions of dollars.

Justifications submitted by the military, for instance, made a stack of papers which "would extend, I should judge, some 24 inches upward from the table." Nor did the committee get much help from the White House or the Pentagon. "Budget estimates were not received from the President until the last day of April [the law says that they should be submitted to Congress in the first 15 days of its session]."

The testimony of Pentagon experts was "in many cases highly



ERECTING THE PYRAMID OF CHEOPS
The U.S. can build five a year.

unsatisfactory. Time & time again, no breakdown was available . . . Witnesses were either unprepared or unwilling to supply simple and essential facts. Again & again came the response, 'We shall have to submit that later for the record.'

"I Would Be at a Loss." Hours were wasted by the committee in cross-examination trying to extract information. Wigglesworth quoted "a typical exchange." He had asked one bureau chief (Rear Admiral Malcolm Schoeffel, of Ordnance) to imagine that he and Wigglesworth had changed places. On the basis of facts submitted by the admiral, could the admiral,



MASSACHUSETTS' WIGGLESWORTH
An admiral was at a loss.

if he were a Congressman, make up his mind whether the bureau needed \$1,300,000, or \$500,000, or \$5,000,000? Said the admiral: "Sir, I would be at a loss."

After eleven weeks and 3,500 pages of printed hearings, the committee had finally written a 138-page report and produced its bill. The committee had shaved some \$1.5 billion off the Defense Department estimates; but from the tone of the debate, it was perfectly clear that the committee would not be surprised to find out some day that it should have added \$1.5 billion—or subtracted \$15 billion.

Having made this \$56 billion act of faith, the committee whacked up the appropriation—\$15.55 billion for the Navy, \$19.85 billion for the Air Force, and \$20.12 billion for the Army—and sat back to let the Senate take on the bureau chiefs of the Pentagon and bring out its version of the biggest pig in the most baffling poke.

"Well, We Tried . . ."

The House Foreign Affairs Committee last week took a look at a \$307 million appropriation for Formosa in the pending foreign aid bill. The Administration has not told Congress how it plans to use the money. Said Minnesota's Walter Judd,

longtime supporter of Nationalist China: "The money will be wasted unless the Administration determines to succeed rather than to prepare excuses for failure. Truman will say, 'Well, we tried our level best, but it did no good.' Six words saved Greece. In the directive to Van Fleet were the words, 'advise and train at all levels.' I asked General Marshall if he would not consent that the same words be applied to China. He refused."

THE PRESIDENCY Man at Work

The President of the U.S. read a fast translation of a letter from the President of the Presidium of the U.S.S.R. Technically, it was a reply to a note that Harry Truman had sent off to Moscow four weeks before, along with a congressional resolution expressing U.S. good will for the Russian people. He glanced rapidly over President Shvernik's professions of Russia's peaceful intentions, shoved the paper back at an aide and snorted: Bunkum. Then the President swung back to a full week's work in which he:

¶ Called Democratic National Chairman Bill Boyle for a 30-minute huddle, demanded to know the details about Boyle's serving as an attorney for a St. Louis firm just before the firm got approval of its long-standing RFC loan application (TIME, Aug. 6). Truman's verdict: Boyle could keep his job with the President's utmost confidence.

¶ Vetted a bill (which would eventually cost the U.S. \$400 million a year) to increase pensions of war veterans disabled by nonmilitary causes.

¶ Dashed off a message next day to the Senate Appropriations Committee urging it to restore the House's 10% cut in a \$30 million appropriation for the United Nations and other international organizations.

¶ Drove down to Washington's cavernous Union Station behind a motorcycle escort to turn over the ornate presidential reception room for VIPs to travel-weary G.I.s. Said the President: "The people who are in fact 'very important people'—just about the most important people of all—[are] the men & women of every rank and in every branch of our armed services . . . They have not been getting the right sort of treatment in some of our towns and cities." Also on the program: Margaret

Truman's good friend and sometime beau, Lawyer Marvin Braverman, now a member of the Travelers' Aid board.

¶ Served notice on Illinois Senator Paul Douglas that he had no intention of backing down in their political squabble over the appointment of two federal judges in Illinois (TIME, Aug. 6).

Spread Out

By presidential order, Harry Truman last week tried to reverse a decision of Congress on the thorny question of whether defense plants should be dispersed throughout the country. He instructed



MINNESOTA'S JUDD
General Marshall refused.

Mobilizer Charles Wilson to see to it that all new defense plants are built ten to 20 miles away from established industrial centers or from other key plants. Those that do not conform will not get allocations of Government-controlled materials, Government contracts, or benefits of tax preference.

As soon as the news hit the teletype, Capitol Hill howled. Only last month, a coalition from the heavily industrial New England, Middle Atlantic and Great Lakes states had beaten down an attempt by Alabama's Congressman Albert Rains to force dispersal of new defense plants into less populated inland areas. Cried House Republican Leader Joe Martin of Massachusetts: "When [the President] can so flout the will of the Congress, we . . . might as well shut up shop and go home." Rhode Island's Senator Theodore Francis Rhee, a Democrat, insisted that it was easier to build defenses for "compact industrial areas" than "scattered plants." Of the Easterners, only Massachusetts' air-minded Senator Henry Cabot Lodge had a good word for the President's order. "I know from military experience," said he, "that greater safety can be achieved in this manner."

U.S. WAR CASUALTIES

The Defense Department last week reported 351 more U.S. casualties (including 21 killed in action) bringing total losses in Korea to 79,082 men. The breakdown:

DEAD	13,433
WOUNDED	54,857
MISSING	10,633
CAPTURED	159

Total casualties by services: Army, 64,435; Marine Corps, 13,046; Navy, 928; Air Force, 673.

PRODUCTION

Shortfalls & Slippages

In current Washington pidgin, a "short-fall" is a defense production program that falls short of its goal; "slippage" is the amount it slips behind. By last week mobilization shortfalls added up to a considerable slippage. Items:

■ Tank production is about three months behind schedule—so far that the U.S. 2nd Armored Division sailed for Germany last month equipped only with old World War II tanks. At Cadillac's new Cleveland plant, many light T-41 Walker Bulldogs are standing useless because of a shortfall in traversing mechanisms. The Army's Detroit arsenal is still the only other U.S. tank producer in full swing, has just begun to produce an improved version of the postwar General Patton tank (plus modernizing several hundred World War II Pershings, mostly for Korea). Principal trouble: the arsenal is used as a research and development center and as a repair depot, in addition to its production duties. World War II experience was that those three functions do not mix well.

■ Fighter-plane slippage runs from 10% to 25%; medium and heavy bombers are closer to schedule. The military plane production future is cloudy; shortfalls of machine tools presage an almost certain three- to six-month lag in late fall or winter.

■ Ammunition slippage is 50%.

■ Military-truck slippage is 40%.

■ Although output has doubled since the Korean war began, machine tools are in such short supply that the industry will have to use up much of its own output to set new machine-tool producers up in business. Meanwhile, it hacks away at a \$1 billion backlog of urgent orders.



MINISTER WEIL
"I have nuzzing."

Harris & Ewing

FOREIGN RELATIONS

Mission to San Francisco

A Kremlin official roused U.S. Ambassador Alan Kirk on a peaceful Moscow Sunday to hand him a polite little note. The Russians were pleased to accept a U.S. invitation to sit down at the Japanese Peace Treaty conference in San Francisco early next month. Deputy Foreign Minister Andrei Gromyko would be in charge of a four-man delegation including the Russian ambassadors to Washington and London.

In Washington, the State Department had braced itself for a thundering Russian denunciation of the conference and a refusal to attend. Only last week Secretary Acheson warned reporters to expect an all-out Russian propaganda campaign against the signing of the treaty. Moscow has already demanded that Communist China be invited to the conference and has blasted the treaty-draft as illegal, a violation of the Cairo, Yalta and Potsdam agreements, and an invitation to "rebirth of Japan as an aggressive state."

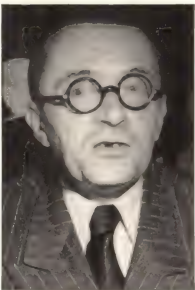
Wearily, State's conference planning experts eyed their tidy plans for a quick, five-day session in San Francisco. Best guessing was that Russia has decided to transfer her noisy and disruptive arguments to the conference-table microphones, where they will get a better hearing, may try to keep the conference tied up for a long, long time.

Envoys from the East

The U.S. caught a glimpse last week of two new envoys from behind the Iron Curtain. The two envoys got a brief glimpse of the U.S. Neither the envoys nor the U.S. seemed to like what they saw.

From Harry Truman's office waddled a barrel-shaped man with a round, glistening face and a bushy mustache. He was Dr. Emil Weil, who gave up his job as government director of Hungary's physicians to become Hungary's new minister to Washington. He had just called to present his credentials. The President barely touched Weil's hand, listened coldly to his prepared statement. Outside the office, the doctor faced a double line of waiting reporters. He put his head down and waddled through them. They tried to get him on the wing. What could he tell them about his visit with the President? Said the doctor over his shoulder: "I have nuzzing." On the White House steps he stopped to glare back through thick-lensed spectacles, then ducked into a waiting White House limousine and rolled away. The burden of his statement to the President: Hungary's desire for peace. The burden of Harry Truman's reply: "This desire is fully reciprocated."

Aboard the liner *Caronia*, coming into New York, another man with thick-lensed glasses stared owlishly at reporters. He was Dr. Vladimir Prochazka, new ambassador from Czechoslovakia. The newsmen asked him: What about the trial and imprisonment of Associated Press Reporter William Oatis? "I have been at sea for six



Associated Press

AMBASSADOR PROCHAZKA

"I have been at sea."

days and have been out of touch with things," said Dr. Prochazka mildly. What part had Prochazka had in writing Czechoslovakia's "Communist" constitution? "I don't call the American Constitution capitalistic," Dr. Prochazka reproved. "Don't call our constitution Communistic." On the dock, a Czech-born, naturalized American ranged up beside the doctor and shouted in his ear: "How dare you show your face in America, you traitor to Czechoslovakian democracy!" Dr. Prochazka, who appeared surprised and hurt by his reception, was bundled into a State Department auto, whisked past marching pickets and signs accusing him of setting up concentration camps for political prisoners, put safely aboard a train and transported to Washington.

POLITICAL NOTES

The Oracle

As a political oracle, Harry Truman bows neither to man nor public-opinion poll. Last week, at his weekly press conference, the President cocked his head and assumed his wise, oracular look while the New York Times's William Lawrence asked a carefully framed question. "Mr. President," said Lawrence slowly, "in General Eisenhower's book, *Crusade in Europe*, he quotes you as having told him in Europe that there was no position he wanted that you wouldn't help him get, and that specifically included the presidency in 1948.* I'd like to know if that applies in '52."

It certainly does, replied the President, snapping his head for emphasis. He is just as fond of General Eisenhower as he can

* Which moved Author Eisenhower to write (in 1948): "I doubt that any soldier of our country was ever so suddenly struck in his emotional vitals by a President with such an apparently sincere and certainly astounding proposition as this."

be. He thinks the general is one of the great men produced by World War II, and thinks the President has shown that by giving the general the most important job available for his ability.

"Good Lord," breathed Lawrence, as he slid back to his chair and scribbled in his notebook. For a few spine-tingling seconds, the 154 reporters could see the big black headline: **TRUMAN BACKS IKE FOR PRESIDENT**. Then NBC's Frank Bourgholtzer spoke up in disbelief: "Does that mean that if Ike wants to be President, you will help him get it?"

Without batting an eye, Oracle Truman said he hadn't said that at all. As he had just said, he is very fond of General Eisenhower. But he doesn't think the general is a candidate for President on the Democratic ticket. And, said Harry Truman, he couldn't very well help General Eisenhower be a candidate on the Republican ticket, because that wouldn't do the general any good. Anyway, he had another candidate for the Republican ticket: Senator Taft.

When the correspondents hurriedly crowded out the door toward their telephones they asked each other what men had been asking since the beginning of oracles: "What did he really mean?" It seemed clear that the President: 1) still enjoyed acting as Eisenhower's most-quoted character reference; 2) had ruled out Ike as a possibility on the Democratic ticket and considered him a Republican; and 3) would like nothing better than to run against Taft because he thinks he can beat him. In short, Harry Truman had upheld the ancient tradition of oracles by being solemn, obscure, ambiguous and just wise enough to bring the customers back for more.

Lesser guessers think that if Harry Truman decides not to run again, he will swing the Democratic nomination to his good friend United States Chief Justice Fred Vinson. If he did, the Gallup poll reported this week, today's voters would give Vinson more support (43%) than the Republicans' Taft (37%).

The Case Against Ike

After months of sniping, Colonel Robert R. McCormick's Chicago *Tribune* last week opened up a full-dress attack on Dwight Eisenhower as a candidate for President.

"As a Republican candidate," said the bitterly isolationist *Tribune*, "Eisenhower would be a joke. He was one of the coterie owing his advancement to George C. Marshall when the latter was Mr. Roosevelt's Army chief of staff. . . . For Roosevelt and Marshall to install Eisenhower as Supreme Commander in Europe necessitated jumping him over 366 officers who ranked him. Eisenhower achieved his advancement through New Deal patronage, and he is not likely to forget it. . . . Eisenhower was picked up by the extremely wealthy internationalists comprising the board of trustees of Columbia University and was named president of Columbia. But Tru-

man kept showering favor upon him. . . . When the Administration determined to send American troops into an Atlantic Pact army in Europe, Eisenhower, with the support of the Truman Administration, was given the job of commander of the European Army. . . .

"His military biographer, Captain Harry Butcher, says that it was a byword among American officers that 'Eisenhower is the best general the British have.' Eisenhower got this reputation by acceding to a British war plan calculated to allow the British commander, Field Marshal Montgomery, to achieve all of the decisive breakthroughs. . . . It was he who called off General Bradley's victorious armies when they were across the Elbe, thus reserving for Russia the enormous political advantage of capturing Berlin. . . . Eisen-



INTERNATIONAL
CALVIN COOLIDGE & MILITIAMEN (1919)
After 32 years, the same question.

hower it was, also, who turned General Patton from his unchecked advance upon Prague and let the capital of Czechoslovakia fall to the Red Army. . . . It was little wonder that Eisenhower was received in Moscow and there awarded a Soviet military decoration, for his contributions to Stalin were great."

The man whom McCormick labeled "the logical candidate," Ohio's Senator Robert Taft, took pains to make it clear that he did not buy the McCormick line. It is "unreasonable," said Taft, to accuse Ike of letting the Russians take Berlin and Prague, for he undoubtedly had his orders. "It may be true that Eisenhower was sympathetic to Montgomery, but I don't blame him for that," said Taft.

Point by point, Eisenhower men could answer the distortions and exaggerations in the *Tribune* blast, but in the months to come, those charges would be heard again & again. Bertie McCormick had written the textbook for the anti-Eisenhower campaign.

Unionized Cops?

In 1919, the never-ending American debate on public morals had on its agenda the question: Do policemen have a right to strike? More than 1,000 members of an A.F.L. policemen's union in Boston took the affirmative. Calvin Coolidge, then governor of Massachusetts, replied: "There is no right to strike against the public safety by anybody, anywhere, any time." He sent the state militia into Boston to restore order, and broke the strike. Overwhelmingly, the nation agreed with Coolidge, and the issue was as thoroughly settled as such questions ever are. Last week it was back again in a slightly disguised form.

Mike Quill, raucous president of the C.I.O. Transport Workers Union, and a backslid Communist Party-liner, announced that he was ready to charter the first police union in New York City history and that he was busy organizing New York's 18,600 cops. He promised that his union would not strike, but on that point city officials did not trust Quill.

Police Commissioner George P. Monaghan had a decisive reply to Mike Quill: he issued an order forbidding policemen to join labor unions. A policeman, like a soldier, may not strike, cannot give even part of his loyalty to a union. Union cops, he pointed out, could hardly be expected to police strikes by brother unionists.

Quill, who claimed that 4,800 policemen had joined and another 5,000 had "pledged," met the order with characteristic language: "His [Monaghan's] 'I-am-the-law' order is intended to chain New York's 'finest' to their intolerable working conditions, low wages and long hours, through Iron Curtain tactics. It betrays an utter lack of confidence in the integrity of New York's policemen, who deeply and bitterly resent the coercive threats of this stumbling, petty dictator." Then he rushed the roster of his union out of the state so that it could not be seized, announced he would organize secretly, and filed suit for an injunction against the Monaghan ban.

Everyone agreed that the New York policeman's lot is not a happy one. A patrolman's pay during his first three years is \$3,400 annually. Deductions for such things as pensions (some are paying as much as 23% of their salary into the pension fund), uniforms and even ammunition leave many a \$3,400-a-year patrolman only \$37.19 a week to take home. Since October, the Patrolmen's Benevolent Association, which is not a union, has been asking the city to take a larger share of the pension load. It was pushing a bill which would save many patrolmen \$20 to \$30 a year. New York's Board of Estimate has been stalling. Last week, at the height of the Quill furor, the board dusted off the bill and recommended its adoption.

Mike Quill immediately grabbed that ball and ran. See, he said, how the mere threat of a union helps the policeman.

INVESTIGATIONS

McCarthy's New List

William Benton's earnest demand that Joe McCarthy be expelled forthwith from the Senate (TIME, Aug. 13) had little effect last week on Joe. All he was going to do about that, Joe cracked, was what "you would do if picking geese were yapping at your heels." Joe went right on throwing rocks at the State Department.

Last week he offered to name a list of State officials and underlings who, he charged, were even now being investigated for loyalty. Would he name them off the Senate floor, where he would not have congressional immunity? Sure he would, he told a group of Washington newspapermen, if they would guarantee in advance to print the list—not part of it, but every word of it. "I assume that to would sue for libel," Joe said jauntily. "You could win of course, but the costs might first be a couple of \$100,000. I'd be sued too, but I'm willing to take the chance." The newsmen declined. Then Joe, as he has before, read his list from the sanctuary of the Senate floor. He named 26, several of them old McCarthy targets, one of them Ambassador at Large Philip Jessup—"the prize of them all," McCarthy rasped.

The State Department said that one of McCarthy's 26 never worked there. Some have quit, 14 were cleared by State's loyalty board, the rest are "in process through the loyalty program."

COMMUNISTS

Hard Times

Chunky George A. Meyers, head of the Communist Party in Maryland and the District of Columbia, dropped by the Baltimore *Evening Sun* one day last week to voice a complaint. Everywhere he went, said Meyers, he was surrounded by FBI agents. They hung around outside his apartment, followed him to the store, even accompanied him to theater washrooms. To prove his point, he pointed to three men who were peering at him through the glass windows of the *Sun's* newsroom.

Less than an hour later, the FBI stopped playing cat & mouse. G-men arrested five Communist leaders (including Meyers) who had been directing Red activities in the District of Columbia and Maryland. The charge: conspiring toward the overthrow of the U.S. Government.

Throughout the nation, the party is as harried as Meyers in the theater washroom. Although the Justice Department still insists it does not plan "wholesale arrests," last week's roundup of leaders was the third since June. Total arrests: 46. Communist national headquarters had ordered each of the party's 32 districts to establish alternate leadership, and to step up training of future leaders. Some party leaders told rank & filers not to get in touch with them lest this put the FBI on their trail. As a precaution against FBI infiltration, several state headquarters flatly banned recruiting new members. In New England, party members were told to stop

gathering in private homes, to hold all cell meetings in cars and restaurants.

Financially, the party had never been so threadbare. With the heat on, better-heeled Reds or fellow travelers in Hollywood and on Broadway had stopped making contributions. Collections in radio, art and cultural circles had also dribbled off.

At some future date, the U.S. Communist Party might again become dangerous as a result of war, depression or internal dissension. But as it stands today, it has little to lose but its bail bonds.

Old-Fashioned Radical

By the time she was taken to a convalescent home at Richlandtown, Pa. last month, tiny, 80-year-old Mrs. Ella Reeve Ware Cohen Omholt—known for half a century in hobo jungles and union halls as



MOTHER BLOOM AT COMMUNIST PICNIC
Before death, the rockets' red glare.

"Mother Bloom"—had served the Communist Party with a generosity which few U.S. leftists had equaled. Hot-tongued, warmhearted, indomitable Mother Bloom was a rarity in the party's ranks—a genuine, old-fashioned American radical, whose roots ran deep into the U.S. past.

She had been a suffragette, a temperance worker, a Socialist, a fiery fighter in lost causes in the half-forgotten day of pale little mine breaker-boys and vicious sweatshops. She had been arrested 36 times, from coast to coast. She had been an intimate of Eugene Debs, had helped Upton Sinclair investigate the horrors of Chicago's stockyards, which he dramatized in his novel, *The Jungle*. She saw the Pennsylvania anthracite strike of 1902, the great Michigan copper strike of 1913.

* She used the name Bloom—borrowed from a Welsh compatriot named Richard Bloom—as an alias while investigating the Chicago packing-house industry in 1906. Fellow radicals took to calling her Mother Bloom, and the name stuck.

She was born on Staten Island in 1862—the rebellious daughter of a staid Republican—was descended from revolutionary soldiers and related to Reconstructionist Thaddeus Stevens. She had met Walt Whitman, Henry Ward Beecher and Robert Ingersoll. Thrice married, she was the mother of six children, wrote children's books. She was 57 when she joined the Communist Party in 1919, certain that it could be an instrument for good in the U.S.

She ran for public office as a Communist candidate, became a perennial rally speaker and wrote articles for Manhattan's *Daily Worker*. Her birthday became an annual excuse for big Communist picnics and celebrations. But early this spring, after a bad fall, she began to fail. As she lay in her hospital room in a hall-coma she repeated, over & over: "There is no country like America, the good old U.S.A." At times, she sang the *Star-Spangled Banner*—all four verses.

She died last week. The party arranged to have her body lie in state in New York's St. Nicholas Arena—a drafty hall often used for prizefights—and invited the public to her funeral.

Among her gifts to the party were two sons. One, Harold Ware, spent ten years in Russia, was complimented by Lenin himself for helping to develop mechanized farming in the Soviet Union. Ware organized the Communist espionage unit in Washington to which Whittaker Chambers was assigned. In 1935, Ware was killed in an automobile crash. The second son, Carl Reeve, 50, has been a paid party functionary most of his adult life, goes about party work with a fish-eyed frigidity, reflects the party's shift from wrong-headed but warm radicalism to institutionalized conspiracy.

OPINION

The Minstrel Show

The man who holds the title of New York City construction coordinator is an incorruptible, incorrigible individualist named Robert Moses, who has spent a lifetime improving cities and hating city planners, reforming sectors of government and detesting governmental reformers. This week he expressed a minority personal opinion of Estes Kefauver and his Senate Crime Investigating Committee: "the greatest minstrel show on earth." Moses called them. Switching on his free-wheeling prose style, Moses said:

"The incentives [for better executives in government] become less rather than greater when investigating committees from Washington, dominated by men like Senator Tobey . . . imply that men like Costello and Erickson, whom most of us never saw until the Kefauver committee televised them, run the city's business.

"That the standards of government, the levels of public morality and the ambitions of the young will be permanently elevated by the sworn testimony of such ineffable characters as Virginia Hill . . . is a proposition which professional believers in good clean fun will advance. Miss Hill

was no more relevant in the Kefauver investigation than Morgan's midget at the stock market investigation.

"To paraphrase the sapient words of the immortal bard, there will be cakes and ale, waging and other sports after Senators Kefauver and Tobey have returned to the hills of Tennessee and New Hampshire from whence, as the Bible says, cometh our help. Wise reformers don't give too many cathartics. A few more doses of Senator Tobey and the town will be thirsty for another Jimmy Walker."

MANNERS & MORALS

A Question of Honor

In any year (and especially in 1957), the U.S. press, U.S. officialdom and the U.S. people are used to scandals in which somebody steals something, takes a big bribe, or runs off with another man's wife. But they were taken aback by the trouble at West Point—which raised more delicate and difficult moral questions than the customary hearty fare. After the first shock, the nation plunged into debate.

In the face of obvious public sympathy for the 90 erring cadets, and an uneasy feeling that the Army shared the blame, the Academy announced that almost all of the 90 accused would be allowed to resign rather than be dismissed. The President announced an inquiry into sports at service schools, but spoke in tones which suggested that few appellants would be overturned. The most investigation-minded Congress in many a decade, for once, could generate no fervor for investigation.

The Coach. Last week's repercussions to the scandal centered around a New York appearance by the Army's athletic director and football coach, Earl Blaik (whose son and star quarterback, Bob Blaik, is one of the accused cadets). Coach Blaik called his sportswriter friends together to announce that he was not leaving the Academy in its dark hour.

Blaik's informal talk at Leone's Restaurant in Manhattan—which brought out more cameramen and curious sidewalk neck-craneers than usually attend a motion-picture premiere—was, in many ways, a restrained and gentlemanly performance. The coach, a West Pointer ('20) himself, made no attempt to play on the emotions of his audience. He spoke sadly of the cadets' mistakes, but defended their characters and pleaded that they be allowed to leave the Academy with their reputations unblemished.

Then, without breaking stride, Blaik reversed his field. He went on to defend Big Football, the very influence which—by his own words—had done most to cause the cribbers to violate the honor system. Army football players, he said earlier, were "unbelievably fatigued" after hours of practice on the gridiron, and had to face the iron scholastic schedules of the Academy. Their high morale might, he suggested, have caused them to put success of the team above the reputation of the cadet corps. If he had been speaking solely as a professional coach, defending his way

of life, this would have been understandable; as a spokesman for West Point, he seemed involved in a contradiction. If the cadets were to be defended on the ground that the pressure of Big Football was too strong for the honor system, then something needed to be done either about football or the honor system. Blaik defended the boys, the system and football.

If anyone at the Academy disagreed with him, or had any plan for solving the problem by eliminating one cause, he did not say so. The commandant, General Frederick A. Irving, announced that he was delighted that Coach Blaik, who is famous for working his men to the limits of endurance, had decided to stay on. No-



ARMY'S COACH EARL BLAIK
Success above reputation.

body else in authority showed any sign that anything but the punishment of the 90 was contemplated.

The School. Meanwhile, the U.S. learned a little more about the two other elements in the situation: West Point football and the honor system.

The Army admitted that "civilian alumni" of West Point paid the salaries of instructors in a cram school operated during the late spring on the Academy grounds. Each year, a dozen or so picked high-school football players are invited to go through this school to help them pass West Point entrance examinations. From Congressmen, Army officers wangle appointments for boys selected as good football material. All this is done for the "honor of the Academy" honor in this sense meaning football victories.

That the "honor of the Academy" helped to break down the honor of many cadets was perfectly clear. And events were sped in their course by the fact that West Point made no effort to check up on how well the honor system was working.

The system itself was far more extreme than that in force in most colleges. The

Naval Academy also stresses a midshipman's honor; but it always has proctors present at tests, and it does not give the same test to two groups of students—the most glaring temptation to cheating in the West Point system. Furthermore, the Navy does not require one student to report violations of another student.

Main fact seemed to be that the Army's honor system was unrealistic—at least when it came into conflict with the "honor of the Academy"—as interpreted by football enthusiasts.

HISTORICAL NOTES

Liquor & Pearl Harbor

The Women's Christian Temperance Union, having brewed a new campaign against sale of liquor to the armed forces, last week pulled the cork with a pop. In Boston, Mrs. D. Leigh Colvin, W.C.T.U. president, handed out excerpts from a letter written to an American prohibitionist last January by Mitsuo Fuchida, Japanese naval air captain who led the air attack on Pearl Harbor. Under the heading "No More Pearl Harbors and No More Drinking," Teetotaler Fuchida wrote: "Because of my subordinate position, I did not know at the time why the Japanese high command chose that day. After the war's termination, I checked up . . . The Japanese high command expected on Sunday morning the American fleet would be crippled for fighting by the drinking of Saturday. In fact, the Saturday night before the attack, we, aviators, also expected through the Honolulu radio that there would be very much drinking among American seamen and soldiers. It might be payday and the drink-shops would be running full steam. We heard jazz from the Honolulu radio through the night. We smiled because we knew very well for the result . . . There would be oversleeping and unpreparedness."

Against the Fuchida-W.C.T.U. analysis there still stood the conclusion of the Government's Pearl Harbor investigation commission: liquor did not play a noteworthy part in the debacle of Pearl Harbor. The sad truth was that the forces on Oahu had been no better prepared Saturday morning than Sunday morning.

General Morgan's Body

A soft-spoken stranger turned up in Winchester, Va. (pop. 13,600) one day last week, and paid a solemn call on Oscar Harry, superintendent of the Mt. Hebron Cemetery. His name, said the stranger, was J. G. Floyd; he was a South Carolina undertaker, and he had come to remove a body from Mr. Harry's keeping.

Asked Superintendent Harry: "Just who is it you want to remove, Mr. Floyd?"

"Man name of Morgan," Floyd said gently.

"Morgan?" said Harry thoughtfully. "Rather a common name. What Morgan would that be, Mr. Floyd?"

Undertaker Floyd produced a sheaf of documents and handed them over. Harry read the first sentence and exploded

"General Morgan, sir? You're not taking General Morgan today, tomorrow or the next day." Thoroughly aroused, Harry hustled off to warn his fellow townsmen that Cowpens, S.C. (pop. 1,800) had launched a new and bold attack to snatch the body of General Daniel Morgan.

Lusty Life. Roistering, hard-drinking old Dan Morgan lived most of his life in Winchester and died there in 1802, but he had won his fame by soundly defeating the British at the Battle of Cowpens on Jan. 17, 1781. Cowpens, which celebrates Jan. 17 as the rest of the U.S. celebrates the Fourth of July, claimed that Winchester was not doing right by their hero. In Winchester, they charged, there is only a battered old slab over his grave.

Winchester admitted that the slab was a bit chipped, but this was the work of Yankee soldiers who passed through Winchester during the War Between the States. Furthermore, they asked, where else except in Winchester could the general's remains lie surrounded by the graves of Revolutionary heroes "who formed themselves into a bodyguard and were pledged to follow wherever he led"?

Undertaker Floyd soon discovered that Winchester was not impressed by a letter of authorization to move the body, from elderly Mrs. Josephine Neville Strong Calahan of Redwood City, Calif., who said that she was the old general's great-granddaughter. Floyd called Cowpens for

Quick Action. Lawyer Poliakoff, a suave and brisk young man, stopped the first five citizens he met and asked each two questions: "Where is Mt. Hebron Cemetery?" "Who is General Morgan?" All knew the answer to the first question; none could answer the second. This, said Poliakoff, was proof that Winchester was not giving General Morgan his proper due. "In Spartanburg County," he said, "you can ask any school child who General Morgan is, and he'll tell you his whole story. Infancy to adulthood, we study him. Sir, he's our hero!"

Tip Moseley spoke bitterly of the condition of General Morgan's grave. "It could be any grave," he said. "And those six soldiers they said surrounded the general. Where are they? I don't see them anywhere around the general. They're way over in another part of the cemetery."

Mrs. Madeline Daniels of San Mateo, Calif., who claims to be a descendant of Morgan, stepped on to the stage, supported Winchester. Said she: "I know that were the general consulted on this matter, he would be horror-stricken. There is no place in the world like Virginia to a Virginian." This might well be true, although it overlooked the fact that Daniel Morgan was born in Hunterdon County, N.J.

TEXAS

The Last Days of "The Cat"

One day last month, a convict, just released from the Texas State Penitentiary at Huntsville, told a Dallas cop the hottest rumor from the prison grapevine: a certain party was offering \$50,000 for the assassination of a husky, dark-eyed Dallas gambler named Herbert Noble. The stoolie confided: "They say that this man will buy you a new suit of clothes, give you some running money, a gun or dynamite if you want it, and pay you off when you do the job."

When Herbert Noble heard the convict's report, he said: "They're after me again." In six years he had survived ten attempts on his life; he was certain that "it was only a matter of time," and had long since made his own funeral arrangements.

Dogs & Peacocks. Noble's trials began in 1945; until then, he kicked back 25% of the profits of his crap games for "protection" by Benny Binion, kingpin of Dallas gambling during the war years. When Binion raised the ante to 40%, Noble rebelled. Two "enforcers" went after him in a wild night automobile chase and shot him in the back. About that time, Binion moved to Las Vegas, and Noble retired from gambling to become a rancher and a trader in surplus airplane engines. The feud between them did not die.

In the spring of 1948, a bushwhacker shattered Noble's right arm with a shotgun blast. On Valentine's Day, 1949, dynamite was found wired to the starter of his car. That autumn, a rifleman shot him in the leg on the highway. Two months later, his wife Mildred got into his automobile, stepped on the starter and was killed by an explosion. A month after that, a sniper

hit Noble with two bullets as he was leaving his house in Dallas. Another shot wrenched through the window of his hospital room. Newspapers called Noble "the man with nine lives, The Cat."

By now, Noble's hair was white, his face lined, his arms stiff from old wounds. He drove occasionally to Dallas in an armored



Dallas Morning News

GAMBLER HERBERT NOBLE
For him, eleven meant crops.

Ford to buy groceries and beer (he was afraid to drink anything stronger), but always in daylight and always with a rifle lying across his lap as he drove. Most of the time he stayed forted up in the stone house at his ranch. He had rigged floodlights to the eaves on every side and installed watchdogs (heavy-duty Dalmatians and tiny, yapping Chihuahuas). As an additional alarm system, he kept screaming peacocks and cackling guinea hens near the house. He seldom slept until dawn. He sat up, rifle at hand, night after night, drinking beer out of cans and fiddling with airplane parts.

A Homebody. His friends pleaded with him to leave the ranch. "This is my home," he said. "I won't be driven out of it." In a way, he even seemed to enjoy the chillingly dramatic part he was playing. The attempts on his life went on. Another shotgun blast was fired at him from the woods, but his car's armor saved him. Last March, the engine of his airplane blew up as he started it.

Last week Herbert Noble drove his automobile up to his mailbox. He failed to notice that the dirt of the driveway had become disturbed. Neither his lights nor his Dalmatians nor his Chihuahuas nor his guinea hens nor his peacocks warned him of what was about to happen. Just as he reached for the letters in the box, an explosive planted in his driveway blew Herbert Noble to bits.

In Las Vegas, Benny Binion had an airtight alibi.



Culver

GENERAL DANIEL MORGAN
There is no place like Virginia.

reinforcements. Help arrived in the person of S. A. ("Tip") Moseley, a former mayor of Cowpens and chairman of the Cowpens Committee in Charge of Getting General Morgan's Body. With Tip Moseley came the committee's attorney, J. Manning Poliakoff.

NEWS IN PICTURES



NAVY VIKING ROCKET, topping German V-2 mark set in 1946, whooshed 135 miles, at 4,100 m.p.h., into New Mexico ionosphere.



GANGSTERS' PAYOFF: Tony Brancato and Tony Trombino, sitting in car parked on Los Angeles street, met sudden death in



BOY SCOUT TENT CAMP, in foothills of the Austrian Alps, was raised by 15,000 youths representing 47 free nations at 7th World Jamboree. More than 600 Scouts from the U.S. attended the 10-day rally.



SPIRIT OF 1920s jazzes up a Paris fashion-season frolic



Los Angeles Examiner-International
a splatter of bullets fired point-blank by gunman in back seat. Both gangsters had been suspects in other West Coast shootings.



Watts Weekly
A-BOMB PROTECTION is goal of corporation converting Catskill mountain mine to storage vaults for lease to government & business.



Associated Press
Jacques Fath leads Paulette Goddard in hot Charleston.



Watts Weekly
OCEAN-VIEW SKYSCRAPERS dominate new, 200-acre San Francisco housing project. Eighth such development in the U.S. built by Metropolitan Life Insurance Co., it provides homes for 3,483 families.

WAR IN ASIA

CEASE-FIRE

Declining Chips?

Twice more last week the Communists backed down—just when it looked as if the Korean truce talks were verging on total collapse.

The Communists had already admitted the illegal presence of their armed soldiers in Kaesong. Matt Ridgway insisted that he would resume the talks only if the Reds clearly understood that further violations

Joy on a map whether or not he understood the U.N. concept of a defensible cease-fire line.

Said Admiral Joy, with icy anger: "You did not come here to stop the fighting, you did not come here to negotiate an armistice, you came here to state your political price for which you are willing to sell the Korean people a temporary respite from pain. You are engaged in these conferences only to present demands, not to negotiate solutions."

This outburst apparently shook the Reds. Next day, Nam mildly produced a map, 2½ by 4 feet, and passed it across the table. The markings clearly showed that the Reds understood the U.N. requirements. The 38th parallel was in its proper place and so were the present front-line positions, only slightly distorted in the Communists' favor. This week the Reds were still obdurate. But Nam, who had stalked angrily out after an earlier session, was nervously agitated, like a gambler worried by his declining pile of chips.

The Whip Hand. Smarting under their forced public admission that they had violated the neutral zone, the Reds launched—both officially and unofficially—a spate of charges that the U.N. was cheating too. They complained that U.N. planes bound for North Korean targets had flown over Kaesong (true, but not covered by any agreement); that allied gunfire was audible in Kaesong (true, but the guns were being fired outside the neutral zone); that the allies were using poison gas (untrue). Their most serious charge was that one of their white-flagged truce trucks had been fired on by allied planes. Joy did not deny that, but he pointed out that the alleged attack took place considerably east of the main Pongyang-Kaesong road, suggesting that the Reds were "abusing the use of white markings."

At first the Reds had portrayed themselves as victors, the U.N. as humbly begging for peace. But the tone of their propaganda had changed to one of whining complaint. They now accused the U.N. of being autocratic and arbitrary. When, during the five-day lapse, the Peking radio accused Ridgway of refusing to set a date for resumption of the truce talks, even illiterate peasants could reason that, if Ridgway could turn the talks off & on at will, it was he who had the whip hand.

BATTLE OF KOREA

Guards Up

On the rain-fogged peaks and in Korea's muddy valleys, the watchful armies prodded and jabbed fitfully at each other. Neither side threw any haymakers, nor did either side drop its guard. A U.N. task force clanked out beyond the front lines and into Ponggang at the apex of the "Iron Triangle" on the east-central front, found the battered town deserted, drew back again. A British Commonwealth unit, marooned in Red territory north of the

Imjin when that river flooded, competently muffled Communist thrusts for five days until bridges were restored for a withdrawal. North of Hwachon, the Communists ended the week with a battalion-sized attack. U.N. airmen, including Australians in Meteor jets, bored through rain to hit Red positions, supply dumps and North Korean highways suddenly busy with increased traffic to and from Communist front lines. They ran into Russian-built MIGs for the first time since late July, but



GENERAL NAM
A big silence.

Associated Press

would end the truce talks automatically. After digesting this for 52 hours, the Reds sent another message. The key paragraph: "It is inconceivable that there will be any further failure on our part to comply . . . unless you should deliberately fabricate incidents as an excuse to terminate the armistice negotiations." U.N. strategists ignored the insults, accepted the "inconceivable" assurance.

The Big Silence. When, after a five-day lapse (longest so far), the teams faced each other again in Kaesong, the Reds trotted out their moth-eaten demands for a buffer zone along the 38th parallel, as if they were brand-new. Admiral Joy made it clear that his side still insisted on a more defensible line, approximating present battle positions, but that he was willing to discuss some compromise. One day, after Joy had stated his position, Nam Il sat silent for two hours and eleven minutes, chain-smoking through his curved cigaret holder, fidgeting and looking at his watch. Joy bore the "Big Silence" (as U.N. reporters dubbed it) with fortitude. Finally, he suggested that, since the buffer zone question was at an impasse, the negotiators take up some other agenda item. Nam Il refused. He would not even show



ADMIRAL JOY
An icy outburst.

Joe Scherich/Lia

the Red pilots concentrated on the slower F-80s, damaging one, and ducked the whistling F-86s and Meteors. All along the front the fighting men had their eyes on Kaesong—and their fingers on their triggers.

MEN AT WAR

The Lull

In the Hollywood Dance Hall in Yongsungpo (a suburb of Seoul) last week, Sergeant John A. Wallace Jr. of Edmeston, N.Y., celebrated his 22nd birthday. Deciding to do well by himself and his friends, he hired the place, laid out a feast of roast beef, baked ham, potato salad, beer, whiskey and champagne. While a six-piece native orchestra struggled manfully with U.S. dance music, G.I.s contentedly swung kisaeng girls (Korean equivalent of Japan's geishas) around the floor. Cost to Sergeant Wallace: \$200. Said he happily: "This is my fourth birthday in the Far East, my second in Korea and the first I've had a chance to celebrate."

Meals & Movies. The lull was on. Last week even front-line troops were getting more showers and better food than ever before. The numerous outfits in rest areas were sleeping under canvas (sometimes

leaky under the heavy rains, but still a luxury), and their meals—which included large quantities of fresh fruit and vegetables, eggs and ice cream—were elegantly laid out on tables fashioned from packing cases. They played baseball and basketball, swam in the rivers, flocked at night to movies, risked their payday money in poker and crap games. Stones glistening with new whitewash lined driveways at command posts which no longer had to be moved every few days.

Idle G.I.s were putting up signs on the muddy roads. One, newly mounted last week, announced the exact number of miles (6.669) to the Wall drugstore in Wall, S. Dak. Lonely engineer outfits were attracting passersby with such signs as "Joe's Joint—hot coffee and beef sandwiches—two miles ahead." The areas just behind the front were crawling with sightseers, mostly flyers, sailors and civilians.

Here We Go Again? A few men were still being killed and wounded in local actions; such small-scale casualties did not seem small to the men who were hit or who saw comrades fall. Assuming peace was possible, no man coveted the distinction of being last man on the casualty list. The attitude of the troops toward the Kaesong negotiations was mixed. Some, showing a monumental calm bordering on indifference, were fatalists who counted more on rotation than on a cease-fire to get them out of the fighting. Others hung eagerly on every day's news from Kaesong.

Almost to a man, the troops seemed to admire Ridgway's handling of the truce negotiations, but groaned profanely every time the talks stalled. "Here we go again," some said, adding their personal cuss words. No one doubted that the Eighth Army, the most effective and self-confident army the U.S. has ever fielded, would fight angrily, hard and well if called on again.

THE ENEMY

Red Boom in Macao

Hong Kong's profitable traffic with Red China is now but a sixth of what it was last December. But that still does not close China's door to the West. The trade has spread across the wide Pearl River mouth to the ancient, gaudy Portuguese colony of Macao (pop. 400,000). Standing on a peninsula and two tiny islands, Macao (total area: 6 sq. mi.) is a place addicted to gold smuggling, with customs officers who look the other way and businessmen who will deal with anybody. It was at Macao, four centuries ago, that white men got their first firm foothold on the mainland of Asia. Last week Macao's air-conditioned opium dens were prospering, godown (warehouse) space was renting at a premium, and the waterfront was crowded with Hong Kong coolies who have learned there is money to be made on Macao's docks. Hong Kong traders were moving in, too.

Muddy Pearl. Junks and sloops were anchored offshore. A Japanese trawler arrived from U.S.-occupied Okinawa, carrying oil. Macao's Wharf No. 31, an oil



pumping dock, was busy day & night. British, Danish and Panamanian freighters, sometimes pausing to lighten their load at Macao, steamed upstream to Whampoa, the port of Canton, through a muddy Pearl River channel which the busy Red Chinese recently deepened. Freighters on the Pearl last week were



TRADER LOBO
\$3,000,000 worth of crums.

laden with steel rails, zinc plate, asphalt, Indonesian rubber, Pakistan cotton, American trucks, steel piping, tubing. To China's Reds, Macao and Whampoa are not ideal: goods must be long-hauled by rail 2,000 miles to the north. But to unload farther north on China's coast, ships must run the Nationalists' blockade.

Gold Net. The man behind Macao's prosperity is a shrewd, wiry Portuguese-Dutch-Malay named Pedro J. Lobo, who runs Asia's largest gold market in Macao and in fact runs Macao itself. Lobo lives well, and in his spare time composes music (including an operetta called *Cruel Separation*). Lobo's title is economic director of the colony. On each ounce of gold, most of which arrives on Catalina flying boats owned by Lobo, he levies two taxes: an official one of 35¢ for the Macao treasury, another of \$2.10 for himself. This has netted Lobo and four partners an estimated \$3,000,000 in the first six months of 1951.

In his swimming pool-equipped Villa Verde on Macao's outskirts, Lobo shrugged off questions about the propriety of the trade. Just throwing a few crumbs to the Reds to keep them off his neck, he explained, recalling that during World War II he had stood the Japanese off, for the Allies' benefit, in similar fashion. But Macao's aid to Mao is more than crumbs, and even crumbs are important to a regime hungering for war materials.

New-Style Wife

What should a new-style, progressive Chinese wife do when her husband turns out to be a dreadful reactionary? Mrs. Ling Hua-ling knew: call the cops and let them take care of him as they will. Last week, proud of herself, Mrs. Ling wrote a letter to Canton's official Communist *Southern Daily*, which printed it as a guide to fellow "progressives."

"For ten years," wrote Mrs. Ling, "there was hidden suffering in my heart. I knew my husband was a reactionary. During Kuomintang days, he was an officer in the 16th Division of Chiang's bandit army. In those days, he bullied me often, and I had to endure it. Then came the [Communist] liberation. . . .

"One day my son, who worked in a branch police station, came home, and I confided my thoughts to him. He answered me: 'Mother, we must accuse him.' My son tried to persuade his father to repent, but this bad man not only refused to reform but reprimanded us. After that my son told me: 'Mother, it is useless to spare this bad egg. You should not recognize him as a husband, and I should not recognize him as a father.'"

Then last month, the husband confided that he planned to flee to Formosa. "I was worried on hearing this, fearing that this criminal husband of mine would escape, so I said, 'Instead of leaving today, wait until tomorrow.' I went to the police. That night I could not fall asleep, but around midnight the police comrades came and arrested this harmful thing which was not my husband but my enemy. I feel happy to have got rid of a menace to the people."

FOREIGN NEWS

RUSSIA

Father's Little Watchman (See Cover)

In Moscow on Aviation Day, all roads lead to Tushino. Even before dawn, thousands of streetcars and buses stream towards the huge airfield twelve miles from the city's heart. By 11 a.m. one day last month, 500,000 people blotted out the flag-decked stands, overflowed on to nearby railroad embankments. In the reviewing stand, flanked by his Politburo, stood Joseph Stalin himself. The Soviet national anthem blared out over the plain. "Dear

across the field headed directly at each other, skidded narrowly past, shot away close to the speed of sound. Five new types of swept-wing jet fighters flashed past, outracing the banshee wail of their engines. Column after column of MIG-15s paraded over the crowd, followed by 100 four-engine Russian copies of the U.S. B-29, seaplanes, amphibians, a new twin-jet naval light bomber. Nine helicopters whirled up, rainbows of parachutists floated down from huge transports.

"We are men of peace, glorious sons of our mighty country," said the voice. "Glory to Stalin's falcons, glory to our

twice the current U.S. rate. Western intelligence has some hints of Russia's far advanced research in supersonic speed ranges and armament; its hundreds of air bases; its large pool of tough, dedicated professional airmen.

For Lieut. General Vasily Stalin, son of the Great Comrade Joseph Stalin,* the Aviation Day he had staged was a sparkling success. Barely 30, he is the youngest general in Russia's armed forces, a fighter pilot, and head of a topflight command: the Moscow district of the elite PVO (Anti-Air Defense Command), the legendary, jet-riding "Golden Falcons," watchmen of the Soviet skies.

A few times each year, during the air parades, Stalin's son stands as the shining symbol of Soviet air might and flies the lead plane in the big review. But the rest of the year, Vasily Stalin is a mysterious figure. Sometimes Red newspapers interview him, but never identify him as his father's son. A few have seen his wine-red Mercedes-Benz convertible racing through Moscow's streets, siren wailing, and seen the police clearing a way through traffic. Others have seen him carousing in Moscow's clubs. Only two photographs of him have ever come out of Russia.

The official histories tell little: Pilot V. Stalin commanded a fighter division (50 planes) in Poland in 1944, was commended for bravery, promoted in 1946 to major general (equivalent to a U.S. brigadier general), and to lieutenant general (equals U.S. major general)† three years later.

Inside the Kremlin, Much more can be pieced together from Westerners who have met him, and from escaped Soviet airmen who served in Poland and Germany with or under him. Their picture of Vasily is not quite so heroic. Vasily Iosifovich Dzhughashvili Stalin was born in 1921 or 1922, probably in Moscow (no one is quite sure). Lenin was still alive. Joseph Stalin, in his middle 40s, was then Commissar of Nationalities and engaged in a bitter and bloody civil war. His first wife, Katerina Svanidze, had died four years before, and Stalin had taken as his second wife his secretary, Nadezhda Allilueva, the young daughter of an old-line Bolshevik who had once sheltered him from Czarist police. A year or so after their marriage, Nadezhda Allilueva presented her husband with a son, red-haired like his mother.

It was a strange, sealed-off world that young Stalin saw within the Kremlin's cold walls. As his father ruthlessly hacked his way upwards, Vasily found himself more & more isolated from other children. His companions were the stern-faced NKVD sentries lining the Kremlin corridors; his teachers, special party instructors.

* His older brother, Yakov Dzhughashvili, reportedly died in Germany during World War II.

† The Russian progression in brass: major general, lieutenant general, colonel general, general, marshal.



RED PLANES SPELLING "GLORY TO STALIN"
The Big Lie is now jet-propelled

Sovfoto

Comrades, Muscovites," crackled the loudspeakers, "the festival of Stalin's aviation has started."

The thunder of 100 guns died away; the ragged beat of engines jockeying in formation filled the air. The first plane bore a gigantic picture of Stalin. A 96-plane formation of civilian flyers spelled out *Slava Stalinu* (Glory to Stalin). Twenty-five light trainers soared through a huge loop. "The famous airman Nesterov was the first to make a loop of this kind," boasted the rich loudspeaker voice. "Stand guard over our beloved country, Glory to our youth, glory to our country."

At a field radio, a young airman in a grey-green general's uniform adjusted his earphones. "Guards Lieut. General V. Stalin is now at the command post," the loudspeaker announced. "The military part of the display now starts." Suddenly, two silvery, swept-wing MIG-15 jets hurtled

aviation, mightiest in the world. Glory to the creator of Soviet aviation, Stalin."

After an hour and a half, the spectacle was over. Moscow's citizens, tired, proud and reassured, headed for home. That night, in the Western embassies, the air attachés fleshed out their scribbled skeletal notes on what they had seen in this brief afternoon, when Soviet Russia ungloved its winged fist. By last week, their reports had been studied and analyzed by every Western government.

Golden Falcons. Discounting all that must be discounted in a carefully staged, carefully controlled performance, their reports confirm the West's knowledge of Russia's impressive air strength: at least 20,000 first-line planes, about 50% of them jet fighters and light bombers, the rest World War II prop-driven models. Careful estimates put Russian production at about 8,500 new planes each year, almost

For amusement, he watched the clanking military parades on Red Square or booted a soccer ball through the courtyards. Whenever he left the palace, he saw evidences of the imposed tributes of dictatorship: the three-story murals of his father throughout Moscow, the monuments, parks and buildings erected to Stalin. He saw how ordinary mortals fawned whenever his father spoke. Before long, young Vasily Stalin learned that the boss's son could also dictate and be obeyed.

The "Dzhigit." The night of Nov. 9, 1932 is memorable in Vasily's life. At a Kremlin party commemorating the 15th anniversary of the October Revolution, Nadezhda Allilueva argued with her husband about a political amnesty he was postponing, and in anger threw an inkstand at him. Early next morning, the Kremlin doctor was called to Stalin's apartment. Nadezhda lay dead on the floor. Stalin stood by, white and drawn, a pistol nearby on the desk. Nadezhda had committed suicide, he said, undoubtedly over a law exam she was studying for.

Young Vasily marched behind his mother's coffin on the slow parade from Red Square to Moscow's Novodevichy Cemetery. Her friends saw a thin, undersized eleven-year-old with close-cropped hair. He had been closer to his mother than to his doting but busy father; Nadezhda liked to say that he was a "real dzhigit."

After his mother's death, something happened to dzhigit Stalin. At school, he turned in mediocre marks, seemed shy and sullen, interested only in soccer. When he graduated at the age of 18, he took no job, but spent his time loafing.

"Red Czarevich." Vasily coveted the shining golden wings of the swanky Red air force pilots he saw about Moscow. His father was badgered into letting him enroll in Sebastopol's Kachinsky Flying School, where he was treated with groveling politeness and fragile care. He never stood guard duty, ate special meals, slept apart. He smoked the finest *Pushka* and *Kazbek* cigarettes. Flying came hard, but he never got a thumbs-down. A special plane and a special instructor were set aside for the "Red Czarevich." Finally, in the fall of 1941, Vasily won his wings.

While his classmates flew long, bitterly cold patrols at the front that winter, young Stalin sortied into Moscow. The city's finest tailors and bootmakers were called in to pad out his spindly frame, add a bit to his 5 ft. 3 in. height. Vasily shot up to captain, major, lieutenant colonel, then colonel. He cut quite a figure in actresses' dressing rooms.

Eventually, he got into combat. In June 1942, Colonel Stalin was awarded the Order of the Red Banner for bravery in combat, in 1944 was mentioned in his father's Order of the Day, again for bravery. Said *Pravda*: "He has continually made a brilliant record in heroic fighting." Vasily got the Order of Suvorov, 2nd Class, and command of the 16th Air Division (50 planes), based at Dallgow



YAK-25



IL-26

RUSSIA'S WARPLANES

Knowledge of Red planes is scarce and hard to come by. Yet quite a bit has been put together. The following is compiled from military experts in the U.S., France, Great Britain, Switzerland and Germany, Jane's *All the World's Aircraft* (1951 edition), and *Aviation Age* magazine.

FIGHTERS

YAK-9 (Yakovlev), single-engine World War II interceptor. Speed, 442 m.p.h.; rate of climb, 4,000 ft. a min.; ceiling, 36,000 ft.; range, 800 miles; armament, one hub-firing 20-mm. cannon, two 12.7-mm. machine guns. Production discontinued, but still being used by satellite air forces and as advanced trainers in Russia.

MIG-15 (Mikoyan), single-jet fighter. Speed, 680 m.p.h.; rate of climb, 7,800 ft. a min.; ceiling, 42,000 ft.; range, unknown; armament, one 32-mm., two 23-mm. cannon. Currently Russia's No. 1 day fighter.

LA-17 (Lavochkin), long-range stateplane of the MIG-15. Speed, 625-650 m.p.h.; rate of climb, 6,600 ft. a min.; ceiling, 45,000 ft.; range, about 2,000 miles; armament, two 20-, 32-, or 37-mm. cannon. Late models have rocket boosts in the tail for extra speed and night fighter's radar in the nose.

YAK-25 (Yakovlev), latest Red swept-wing interceptor, designed as the successor to the MIG-15 and LA-17. No details on performance.

YAK-15 (Yakovlev), rocket-powered, swept-wing interceptor, still in research stage. Speed, about 850 m.p.h.; rate of climb, 10,000 ft. a min.; endurance, less than 5 min.; armament, unknown, possibly four cannon in nose or rockets.

LA-15 (Lavochkin), twin-jet night fighter carrying pilot and radarman. Speed, about 570 m.p.h.; rate of climb, unknown; ceiling, unknown; range, about 2,200 miles; armament, two nose-mounted 32-mm. cannon plus two 12.7-mm. machine guns. Russia's No. 1 night fighter. Production limited, but being stepped up.

BOMBERS

TU-10 (Tupolev), three-man, twin-jet attack bomber (resembles Britain's Canberra). Speed, 530 m.p.h.; range, unknown; bombload, 6,500 lbs.; armament, two nose-mounted 30-mm. cannon, two 20-mm. cannon in the tail. Beginning production.

IL-26 (Ilyushin), three- or four-place, twin-jet medium bomber. Speed, about 600 m.p.h.; range, around 2,000 miles; bombload, unknown, but a Red navy version has been fitted to carry a torpedo. Armament, two 37-mm. cannon in the nose, twin 12.7-mm. machine guns in side, top and tail turrets.

TU-4 (Tupolev), direct copy of the U.S. B-29. Speed, about 400 m.p.h.; range, 4,000-5,000 miles; bombload, 10,000 lbs.; armament, 10-20-mm. cannon in four turrets. Tupolev has also built a long-nosed version of the B-29, which some observers at the Aviation Day show mistook for a Red B-36.

TU-75 (Tupolev), The Russian answer to the B-36. Swept wings, six huge turbo-prop engines, a speed of 600 m.p.h., and 10,000-mile range at 45 to 50,000 feet. Scheduled to fly some time late this year or early next.



MIG-15



LA-17

Department of Defense—Associated Press, *Aviation Age*

* Daring, brave, lively man.

Field near Potsdam. Red airmen say that he just about ran the entire 16th Air Division, since its nominal head, Colonel General Leonid Rudenko, carefully deferred to Joe Stalin's 25-year-old.

Kittens & Shepherds. Life at Dallgow, as described by some of its participants, now in the West, sounds like a Dostoevskian debauch. They tell of drunken bouts in Vasily's tightly guarded, 30-room villa; of his shouting rages, his wild rides in stolen cars, of cuffs, beatings and brut-

ish practical jokes. Their stories, perhaps individually suspect, have when taken together a great deal of consistency. His first wife was dead. According to one story, she was killed in a plane crash which Vasily survived. At Dallgow he lived with Lelya Timoshenko, 21-year-old daughter of the Soviet marshal. On nights when Vasily's chauffeur brought in a batch of girls, *Koshechka* ("Little kitten," as Lelya was called) was escorted to their huge bedroom, where a picture of father

Stalin looked sternly down from the wall. The master's German shepherd, Jack, guarded her door until morning.

If the food didn't suit him, Vasily would hurl it on the floor, stamp out, and roar away in his plane to stunt off his anger. He drank brandy and vodka in gulping draughts from breakfast until bedtime. The base soccer team, the Stalin Commandos, either in victory rode the dizzying crest of his pleasure or in defeat the depths of his displeasure.

Colonel Stalin climbed trees for a better look at take-offs and landings, on at least one occasion punished sloppy flying with a cuff from his leather gauntlets. Red airmen whooping it up in Potsdam's nightclubs posted sentries to warn of Vasily's approach. The colonel, they said, hated to have his boys get tipsy and make spectacles of themselves. Except for a few favored companions, anyone who got caught landed in solitary. There were private and inconsequential attempts at revenge: once the leather seats of Stalin's car were ripped out; another time, someone heaved a brick through his windshield.

On March 3, 1946, Russian papers carried the news of Vasily's promotion to major general. Red army men saw five-star Marshal Zhukov pop to quivering attention before one-star General Stalin. For beating up a veteran flyer, Vasily was broken back to colonel, but soon had his star back. The phone buzzed incessantly between father & son. In 1947, Vasily was recalled to Moscow. In 1948 he led his first Aviation Day air parade. In 1949, word came that he was commanding general of the jet fighters charged with protecting the Moscow district.

What next?

In spite of the unrelieved picture the refugees paint—of an arrogant, hard-drinking, whoring youth—Vasily Iosifovich Stalin is obviously something more than that. A prime product of his environment, he is shrewd, tough and fanatic. As a pilot and commander, he showed some of the skill, high spirit and reckless abandon that Russia brought against the Nazis. He lives for Communism, displays nothing but hatred for the world outside, and little knowledge of it. He believes that Russia and the Red air force are invincible. He is a member of the Central Committee of the Communist Party of the City of Moscow, but is considered to have little interest in politics. A good bet is that he may one day be top commander of Russia's mighty air fleet.

Should this happen, the boss's favored son will inherit a prize air force, built up by a nation that tuned to the throb of an airplane engine almost before it knew the automobile.

First & Best. Soviet Russia now boasts that it was the birthplace and cradle of all aviation. Russian schoolchildren are taught that a Russian was the first to fly. "The gifted inventor A. F. Mozhaisky," wrote Vasily Stalin two years ago, "built and successfully tried, in 1882, the world's first plane—20 years before the brothers Wright." In this doctrine, Russians also

RUSSIA'S TOP AIRCRAFT DESIGNERS

Semen A. Lavochkin, 51, rumped, plodding builder of the LA series of Red fighters (the initials, as in all Russian planes, come from the designer's name). Son of a rabbi, he learned his trade for ten years, got his big chance after the late '30s purges, finally hit pay dirt in 1943 with his light, highly maneuverable LA-5 ("The wooden savior of Stalingrad"). Now working on long-range, single-jet escort fighters (LA-17) and twin-jet night fighters (LA-15).

Artem I. Mikoyan, 52, Armenian-born brother of top Politburocrat Anastas I. Mikoyan and designer of Russia's famed MIG-15, which won him the 1947 Stalin Prize. Hot-tempered, limelight-hogging, he teamed up with Structural Specialist Mikhail Gurevich to produce World War II's MIG-1 and MIG-3 (the Russian Spitfire), after the war turned out a jet-propelled MIG-15, the first Russian jet to go into quantity production. He has twice been accused of using "capitalist tactics" to boost production of his own planes over others.

Alexander S. Yakovlev, 46, handsome, dashing, longtime wonderboy of Red aviation. At 27, he turned out his first plane, a light trainer, by the time he was

30, had built 18 different types, most famous of which was the Piper Cub-like UT-2. His YAK fighter series was rated by French pilots as the best short-range interceptors of World War II. A daredevil and woman-chaser, he likes to drive fast, test his own planes, has had so many narrow escapes that Stalin gave him a Zis (Packard) sedan and restraining motorcycle escort. Now working on advanced rocket (YAK-21) and swept-wing jet (YAK-25) interceptors.



TUPOLEV



ILIUSSIN

Sergei V. Iliushin, 57, rags-to-riches designer of the legendary IL-2 (*Stormovik*). A poor peasant's son in Czarist days, he trekked 300 miles to Moscow at the age of 15 to get into aviation. Rose slowly through the ranks, first as mechanic then as chief mechanic. When orders came down for an attack plane, Iliushin's was the only design smaller than a B-17. After the war, turned out twin-engine (IL-12) and four-engine (IL-18) transports that look something like U.S. Conquairs and Boeing Stratocruisers. Now working on a fast, twin-jet light bomber (IL-26) to replace the old *Stormovik*. Curt, uneducated, vain, he boasts that all the digging by the MVD has never turned up a disloyal act.

Andrei N. Tupolev, 62, Russia's top heavy-bomber man and last of the "old guard" Red designers. Quiet, scholarly, he set up the first aerodynamics research center in 1918, together with Professor Zhukovsky four years later built his first airplane, a timber and plywood single-engine monoplane. Has turned out 30 major planes from light puddle-jumpers to 1934's lumbering, eight-engine Maxim Gorky (which crashed after a few flights). Exiled during the purges, he came back in 1942 to design attack bombers (TU-2) for the Red air force. Greatest engineering feat: copying the U.S. B-29, getting it in limited production within a year. Reportedly working on a Russian turboprop version of the U.S. B-36.



LAVOCHKIN, YAKOVLEV, MIKOYAN

Sovfoto



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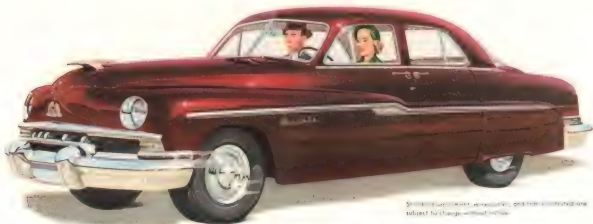
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invented the first rocket (1607), the first helicopter model (1754). Young Vasily, who is no slouch on this sort of thing, has also written: "In our land were created aviation motors, high-speed and heavy multi-engine planes, the first flying boats and parachutes, aviation instruments, all-metal dirigibles, and the jet plane."

In such a land, where the Big Lie is jet-propelled, the pilot is a cut above ordinary groundlings. He wears golden wings, gets much higher pay, better food and uniforms. The first men to become Heroes of the Soviet Union, Russia's highest kudos, were the flyers who in 1934 rescued 104 survivors of the icebreaker *Cheliuskin*, crushed by an ice pack. Of the three men who have won the honor three times, two are fighter pilots,* the other is Russia's Marshal Zhukov, an old infantry soldier, who has just returned to favor.

Today, between 3,000 and 5,000 Red transport planes fly 137,500 miles of air route. In every village there is an aviation club. Some 13 million young Russians belong to DOSAV, which teaches them how to fly light planes, how to parachute, how to tune an aircraft engine. Above all, it teaches the glories of the Red air force.

Surprise. Not much was known about the Red air force before the Spanish civil war. Most people thought that backward Russia lacked the technical skill to produce first-rate planes of its own. During the '20s, held back by the Versailles Treaty, Germany's Heinkel, Dornier, and Junkers plane builders set up plants in Russia and built planes for the Red air force. The Russians got their engines from the U.S.

By the time of the Spanish civil war, Hitler was putting German designers to his own use, but the Russian "volunteers" showed up with fairly good planes of their own. Tubby little Chatos and Ratas with 750-1,000 h.p. engines rose up to battle the *Luftwaffe* "volunteers." They were 100 m.p.h. slower than the streaking Messerschmitts, but they had better range and could turn circles inside their heavier opponents. At Guadalajara, 125 Russian-piloted fighters routed an attacking Italian armored division, the first decisive use of tactical air force in aviation history. Soviet designers and airmen were learning.

World War II gave Russia's Golden Falcons a chance rarely to spread their wings. For two years, the air forces of heavy-set Marshal Alexander Novikov took a dreadful beating. The first eight weeks saw 5,000 of Russia's initial 8,000 planes put out of action. But Novikov kept sending more fighters up to challenge the Nazi *Luftwaffe*. The U.S., doing its best to help a besieged ally, sent fighters: Bell P-39 Airacobras and Curtiss-Wright P-40s. Russia's own factories were moved east of the Urals, and worked overtime to keep up. "In 24 hours," said one manager, "these planes will be at the front killing Germans."

Russian pilots flew like Cossacks. They

liked to toss off bottles of vodka, hurtle down the runway, take off simply by hauling up their wheels. In combat, Red flight leaders flew above and behind their men to make sure no one shied away. They were never the finely honed flyers Germany had for her *Luftwaffe* (the average life of a *Stormovik* pilot was seven missions), but there were always plenty to take the place of those who died.

More important, a handful of talented Russian aircraft designers—led by Milkyan, Lavochkin and Yakovlev—rose to the occasion, producing fighters that were rugged and maneuverable, though still second-rate planes by German and U.S. standards. The best ones were derived from Western models. But in tactical air, the defense-conscious Russians took a back seat to no



MARSHAL NOVIKOV
Victory and then jail.

one. One of the best ground attack planes of World War II, the armor-plated *Stormovik*, came off the drawing board of another Russian, Sergei Ilushin. German Panzer divisions called it "the black death." In one ten-day period, the *Stormoviks* knocked out over 400 Nazi tanks. The Russians also learned to build planes in a hurry. By 1945, Russia's factories were turning them out at the rate of 40,000 a year, and her first-line air strength rose to 20,000 planes.

U.S. Air Chief Hoyt Vandenberg, then Deputy Chief of Air Staff, went to Moscow to explain strategic bombing to the Russians and convince them that it was worthwhile. Today, he sighs, "maybe I did too good a job." The Russians put on a great show of being disinterested in Vandenberg's photos of gutted Nazi factories. "All altitudes above 15 feet over the tree tops is wasted," he said. But in the battle for Berlin, when the *Luftwaffe* had already been crippled by the R.A.F. and the U.S. Air Force, the Russians proved that they had been listening. For 60 days, Rus-

sian artillery and 100 Soviet air armies (about 12,000 planes) rained down shells and bombs on Berlin. At war's end, the Red army marched in over a city of rubble.

Coffee & Old Rags. High among the prizes snatched from Germany by the victorious Russians were the newfangled Nazi jets. Red pilots reported speeds up to 500 m.p.h., no vibration, no yawing torque.

For Russia, with its backward industry and limited oil reserves, the jets are an answer to a Communist prayer. Jets are rugged, have fewer moving parts, only a few of which have to be machined to fine piston-engine tolerances. They do not necessarily need high-octane gas, but fly on kerosene, wood alcohol, or, as one U.S. officer puts it, even "on coffee or old rags." The NKVD was instructed to round up everyone in Germany who knew how to build jets. U.S. and British bombers had done the Russians an unintentional favor by making the Nazis push their factories deeper into Eastern Germany. A few German plane builders escaped, but 80% of the Nazi aircraft industry—then well ahead of the U.S. on jet development—was whisked behind the Iron Curtain. The Russians got Designer Sigfried Günther of Heinkel; they moved the Junkers works to Kuibyshev. The V-2 laboratories and factories at Peenemünde were carted away to help Russian rocket research. Dozens of the new Messerschmitt-262 jet fighters were shipped off to Russia.

Nenes & Rooster Tails. After the war, Russia's master of tactical air power and air force chief, Alexander Novikov, was fired and jailed. Just about that time, Russia turned more attention to heavy bombers, even separated its air force from ground command (it has since been returned to army control). The new air boss was a shining party light, 46-year-old Marshal Konstantin Vershinin. Hero of the Soviet Union, and one of the top World War II commanders. His orders were to get going on jets. Russia's designers had proved that they could build conventional planes; now with German help they proved that they could build first-rate jets. In 1947, the first really topnotch Russian fighter, the jet MIG-15, appeared. It had a high rooster-like tail, a barrel-like fuselage, and an ancient radio antenna jutting out into the slip stream. But it had swept-back wings, quick visual proof that the Russians and their German experts had been delving deep into transonic research. It was light and maneuverable and powered by the best existing jet engine, the Rolls-Royce Nene, which the British government sold to Russia.

Today, even better jets are coming out of Russia's 25 main aircraft plants. How fast can be gauged by Russian willingness to send large numbers of MIG-15s to Korea. Half of the 1,000 planes in the Chinese Red air force are MIG-15s.

How good are the Russian jets? The only one U.S. pilots have met is the MIG-15, and they treat it with respect. Nothing can catch it except the U.S. F-86 Sabrejet, and then only under 30,000 feet. It has a more powerful engine, is

* The two: World War II ace Colonel Alexander Pokryshkin, 59 kills; Lieut. Colonel Ivan Koshchub, 62 kills. Major Richard I. Bong, top U.S. ace, had 40 kills.

lighter, more maneuverable, can climb faster than the F-86. U.S. pilots have knocked the MIGs down with shooting-gallery precision, partly because U.S. pilots are better trained, have the advantage of a much better electronic gunsight. Even so, every once in a while, a special flight of red-nosed MIGs scrambles up from Antung across the Yalu. They are the first team. Then, say the Sabre pilots, there is "one grand hassle."

Hard Lesson. Good as they are in fighters, the Russians still have a long way to go before they can count a well-rounded air force. Hoyt Vandenberg's lessons on strategic air power have been hard to learn. Air Force Chief Vershinin has been kicked out, and Colonel General Pavel Zhigarev is now belatedly building up Russia's heavy bomber fleet.

The Reds have about 1,000 heavy bombers, mostly direct copies of a number of U.S. B-29s that made forced landings in Siberia in World War II. The B-29s yielded the Russians their design plus the Norden bombsight.* The U.S.S.R. called its well-made copy the TU-4. Unless and until the Russians pour out their new heavier bomber, they are behind the B-36, and even farther behind the new eight-jet B-52 bomber, which, when it gets into production, will be able to hit Russia from 50,000 feet at 600 m.p.h. in any weather. The Russians also lack the vast U.S. battle experience in bombers.

Hampered Falcons. The Red air force's second big deficiency is electronics. Gunsights on their best fighters are still World War II types, and their radar, based on U.S. lend-lease sets and captured Nazi equipment, is out of date. Production is slow, even though the entire Soviet electronics industry is geared for war and not for TV sets. There is only a thin screen of radar stations along Russia's borders. Facilities are lacking for training the necessary operators and maintenance men. In electronics, Russia is a long way behind the West. That is why at least one top U.S. planner predicts no war this year. Even the Golden Falcons of young Vasily Stalin are at a disadvantage without enough of the humming electronic tubes to lead them to a bomber overhead.

"The glorious Falcons of our Fatherland are invincible," says Vasily Stalin, and it is just possible that the boss's son believes this, if he is also able to believe his own boast that Soviet airmen bagged 75,000 of the 80,000 Nazi planes destroyed during World War II. Western air experts, looking over their intelligence from Russia, concede that Russia has fighters as good as any in the West, and a tactical air force second to none. Recognizing Russian weakness in bombers, and Russian inability to seal off its borders against U.S. air power, however, Western experts admit to being mighty respectful of Russian air power, but not hopelessly dejected by it.

* Now replaced in U.S. heavy bombers by improved sights, which cost \$250,000 each v. an average \$3,700 for the Norden.

INTERNATIONAL The Russian Contribution

In Geneva last week, a Russian launched into a tiresome tirade on a familiar theme: that Western rearmament eats up money that ought to be spent on the world's underprivileged. At this point, studious Isador Lubin, U.S. delegate to the U.N. Economic and Social Council session in Geneva, broke in with a quiet recital that was worth half a dozen angry replies: "Let's see how deeply concerned [the Russians] are about the fate of these peoples," he said, and proceeded to tick off the So-



Mark Koffman—Life

PREMIER PLEVEN

Compromise, for the moment.

viet record in contributions to international welfare agencies:

U.N. International Children's Emergency Fund—"exactly zero."

Palatine refugee relief—"exactly nothing."

International Refugee Organization—"the U.S.S.R. made no contribution."

Technical assistance for underdeveloped countries—"not a single red ruble."

World Health Organization—"the U.S.S.R. failed to pay its assessment."

International Bank for Reconstruction and Development—"not a single cent."

"Needless to say," Lubin concluded, "the Soviet Union has not seen fit to contribute a penny [to rebuilding] in Korea."

MIDDLE EAST

The Plotter

The little tailor's apprentice who shot down Jordan's King Abdullah in Jerusalem last month was obviously only a triggerman. Who were the plotters who had sent him on his mission?

Last week, Jordan police thought they had the answer. They arrested eight men, charged them with planning the assassination. Among the subjects: an Arab-born

Roman Catholic priest in Jerusalem who is a fanatical Arab nationalist; and three blood relatives of Jerusalem's intriguing Mufti.

Thus the bloody trail seemed to lead, at least indirectly, to Egypt, and a brown three-story villa off Avenue Fuad in Cairo's exclusive Heliopolis suburb. There, in exile, guarded by the Egyptian police of his friend King Farouk, plus ten Palestinian toughs, sits the Mufti, the Middle East's greatest maverick and plotter. The Mufti hated Abdullah because he had counted on Abdullah's arms to whip the Jews, whereupon the Mufti would take over all Palestine. Instead, Abdullah made peace with the Jews and personally annexed parts of Palestine to his tiny kingdom.

Last week, his greatest adversary eliminated, the Mufti schemed to wipe out his adversary's country itself. He met secretly in Cairo's Semiramis Hotel with the Foreign Ministers of Egypt and Saudi Arabia, both oldtime opponents of Abdullah and the British. They agreed on a plan to tack Jordan on to a Greater Syria. In this way they would put a finish to (1) Jordan's British-trained Arab Legion, best fighting force in the Middle East, which has consistently opposed the Mufti, (2) Britain's old scheme for uniting Jordan with Iraq into a single, pro-British kingdom that would dominate the Arab world. The Saudi Arabian Foreign Minister was sent to London to sell the plan. Britain would be promised bases in the new Greater Syria. If it rejected the plan (as it undoubtedly would), the Middle East might lapse back into terrorism.

As the talk went on, the Mufti's men passed out word that there would be a six weeks' moratorium on killings. After that, if the Mufti & Co. did not get their way, violence would start up again. Likely first target: John Bagot Glubb, the Briton who heads the Arab Legion.

FRANCE

Black Coffee Cabinet

Through France's political revolving door, seven potential Premiers have whizzed in, whizzed out in the past six weeks. All were unable to form a cabinet. Last week one succeeded. The new Premier: tall (6 ft. 2 in.) taciturn René Plevén, who affects Homburg hats and an arctic reserve. He succeeded partly because all France was tired of revolving door politics.

All night long, cars filed into the courtyard of the Hôtel Matignon, official residence of French Premiers, to discharge French politicians arriving to talk cabinet posts with Plevén. When ex-Premier Queuille's sleek Delahaye almost collided with Foreign Minister Schuman's modest Citroën, Passenger Queuille doffed his hat, asked: "Are you hurt?" Said Passenger Schuman: "No, but I'm in a hurry."

Plevén snapped up Schuman's offer to continue as Foreign Minister; he made Vice Premiers of two other familiar faces: René Mayer, for Economic Affairs; Georges Bidault, for National Defense. He neatly

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This picture of beermaking is on a 7000-year-old Babylonian seal now in New York's Metropolitan Museum of Art.

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skipped across the stumbling blocks which defeated seven men before him: let the Assembly decide whether there should be State aid to Catholic schools, he pleaded, and let there be some kind of wage increases. France's four bickering center parties, so uncompromising before, agreed in hope of giving France a little stability. The Socialists refused to join his government, but promised to support it. And so, with Communists to the left of him and Gaullists to the right, Plevin put together a central government which would last, taunted the Gaullists, at least "for the holidays." It did survive its first Assembly test impressively (390 to 222).

At 7:30 a.m., President Auriol, who had slept soundly during the night-long deliberations, received the tired and unshaven cabinet ministers, offered them, instead of the traditional champagne, black coffee. It seemed more appropriate.

Marriage v. Politics

All during the choosing of the cabinet, up & coming Pierre Chevallier, 42, parliamentary leader of Plevin's own party, was repeatedly called to the telephone. Each time it was his wife, Yvonne, high-strung, green-eyed and 38, wanted him to come right home. He tried to tell her that big things were in the air; he was about to get his first cabinet job: Secretary of State for Technical Training, Youth and Sports. Yvonne was not impressed.

As soon as the investiture ceremony was over, Secretary Chevallier jumped into an official car and a chauffeur drove him home to Orléans, 70 miles southwest of Paris, where he is mayor.

Pierre went into the bedroom to change his clothes for a bride-dedicating ceremony. Yvonne followed him. They quarreled, as they often had recently, over which came first—marriage or career—and Pierre announced: "I want a divorce." Yvonne went to her dresser, pulled out a revolver she had bought a few days before. She fired three shots into Pierre's chest, then as he lay dying, pumped two more slugs into his head to be sure. The Chevalliers' eight-year-old son Phugel came running in. She told him to be quiet, calmly telephoned the police. Said she: "Would you mind coming over at once? My husband wants to speak to you." When the police arrived, she announced: "I have just killed my husband." They took her to jail, charged her with murder. Next morning Yvonne asked for a woman lawyer to defend her. Sobbed she: "Only a woman could understand me."

ITALY

De Gasperi's Seventh

Alcide de Gasperi's strength is also his weakness. He has ruled over Italy for five out of its six postwar years, thus giving a troubled nation a stable government and the West a good friend. But to do this, he has had to conciliate almost all factions (save the Communists, whom he fought uncompromisingly all the time). In his sprawling Demo-Christian Party there are

some who favor land reform and some who resist it; some who support a balanced budget and others committed to heavy spending to help the unemployed. De Gasperi learned how to appoint one wing to office, make private promises to its rival, and deliver public speeches in which all could find comfort.

But not even so adroit a compromiser as Signor de Gasperi could slither out of a few hard statistics. The government promised to expropriate 3,500,000 acres of land and redistribute it to the poor peasants; in fact, it has redistributed only 225,000 acres. Unemployment is close to 2,000,000. Italian productivity lags behind that of Britain and France. In the spring municipal elections, the Demo-Christians lost ground in the popular vote (TIME, June



SECRETARY CHEVALLIER
Big things were in the air.

25). Last month, beset by a revolt within his own party, De Gasperi resigned.

Last week, after a superficial reshuffle of his men, De Gasperi presented a new cabinet, his seventh, to Parliament, won approval in both houses where his party has a big majority. Characteristic compromise: much-criticized Giuseppe Pella was out of his old post as Treasury Minister, but stayed on as Budget Minister. De Gasperi's troubles were not solved, but they were postponed. With that, De Gasperi, indispensable man of compromise, left to vacation in the hills.

GERMANY

The Kemritz Affair

During the fall and winter of 1945-46, 14 men and three women picked their way through the snow-sprinkled ruins of East Berlin to the law offices of one Dr. Huns Kemritz. Each came in answer to an innocent-sounding summons; but when they got there, they were grabbed by the Russians. Four later died in Red concentra-

tion camps. One was an unsavory character named Hans-Juergen von Hake, whom the Danes might have hanged for war crimes, had the Russians not gotten him first.

Soon after Hake was hustled away, Kemritz himself moved to safer territory in West Germany. Hake's vengeful widow trailed him. Eventually she sued Kemritz in West Berlin court, accused him of causing her husband's death, and won damages of 11,640 marks (\$2,770) plus a \$70 monthly allowance. At this point, U.S. occupation authorities stepped in, ruled that the German courts had no jurisdiction in the matter. Besides, Kemritz had performed "valuable services" for the U.S.

Double Agent. That made everyone take a second look at Dr. Kemritz, and the second look made him no more attractive than the first. Kemritz was, in fact, a double agent. A Nazi since 1933, an ex-major of German army intelligence, he first turned in some of his fellow officers to the Russians, then went to work spying for the U.S. from his East Berlin office. His service: furnishing Americans with names of West Germans on the Russian's secret "wanted" lists. Thus tipped off, hundreds who might otherwise have been nabbed by the Reds were able to lie low and escape. But to keep up the double game (this is the story U.S. authorities believe), Kemritz had to produce occasional results for the Reds. The 17 Germans, Hake included, were such results.

U.S. handling of the Kemritz affair touched off a noisy display of anti-occupation feeling in West Germany. The Bundestag (Parliament) spent one whole day wrangling over it, and demanded that the Americans "cease interfering with German justice." The New York Times's Drew Middleton solemnly cabled that "the whole structure of German friendship and sympathy toward Americans . . . has been fractured." It wasn't as bad as that, though a lot of Germans were delighted to see the Americans stuck defending a stool pigeon.

"Valuable Services." U.S. High Commissioner John McCloy, arriving back on the scene from a U.S. visit, tried to retrieve the initial blunder. Police decoys, he admitted, are unloved characters anywhere. But the U.S. intervened in his case not for "valuable services" rendered the West, but because Kemritz had only aided an occupation power (Russia) in its legal right to arrest a suspected war criminal. To let a German court sentence him for doing so, said McCloy, would only encourage old Nazis to come out of their holes, start endless legal proceedings. It was a legalistic argument, and an unpopular one, but McCloy was determined to stick to it.

The Blueshirts

For eight hours last Sunday, down Berlin's famed Unter den Linden, where Hitler's brownshirts once goose-stepped, marched 1,000,000 blueshirts, aged six to 26. They were dictator's zealots of a new age. For sheer size and fanaticism, their "peace parade" was impressive. But there were signs that Communism's World Youth Festival was not all it was meant to



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International

"IT IS PEACE we want and not war," burbled Emanuel ("Manny") Shinwell, Britain's Socialist Defense Minister, who hurried home after a NATO small-arms conference in Washington to preside over this beauty contest in his County Durham constituency. "Therefore," said Manny, "beauty competitions and seaside resorts like this are more important than matters of defense or war." Privately, the Labor cabinet groaned. *Humphred London's Time & Tide*: "An utterance of a positively lunatic character if seriously meant and of shocking irresponsibility if meant as a joke."

be. Food supplies were badly fouled up. A Red commissary officer was jailed for allowing 380 tons of meat to rot. East Germany's overburdened transport system broke down, stranded thousands of blueshirts en route to Berlin. And though East German police barred 165 East-West streets, closed 30 westbound subway stations to protect their delegates from "imperialistic contamination," more than 50,000 young Reds a day swarmed into the Western sector to have a look around; 1,590 asked for asylum. Most of the hooky-playing blueshirts, however, dutifully trooped back to their Communist festival, their one furtive look at freedom apt to become only a memory in the years of Soviet indoctrination that faced them.

GREAT BRITAIN

Rifle Rivalry

Some 200 hand-picked Allied officers (and a Yugoslav) watched intently one day last week on Salisbury Plain as Britain demonstrated her prize new .280-cal. rifle. More than simple curiosity was involved: this is the weapon with which Britain hopes to equip not only her own infantrymen (who have been using the bolt-action, single-shot .303-cal. Lee-Enfield since the South African War), but all the North Atlantic Treaty nations. Disagreement over it caused a hitch at the recent small-arms conference in Washington, where Britain's Defense Minister Emanuel Shinwell argued for the .280.

The .280 proved to be an odd-looking, straight-stocked, semi-automatic (i.e., one shot for each trigger pull), weighing 8 lbs. and equipped with an optical sight. On the

firing range it seemed fairly impressive: it rattled off 84 rounds per minute, ripped steel helmets at 600 yards and punched through 46 inches of planking at 100 yards. The .280 has a 20-round clip; the .30-cal. U.S. Garand only an 8-round clip. But the .280 has less punch and less range than the hefty Garand or the Russian Tokarev (caliber .299994) rifle—and given the new Garand 20-shot clip, it has no higher a rate of fire.

The .280 had been tried out before, in 1950 tests at Fort Benning, Ga., by a joint U.S.-Canadian-U.K. board, and failed to carry the day. The U.S. didn't like the lighter-powered bullet or the optical sight. Growled one critic: "Send an infantryman off on a foggy morning through wet brush or grass, and then let him try to get accurate fire with a wet, fogged-up sight." Another objection, and a big one, is that other NATO nations use rifles of heavier than .28-cal. (some being supplied by the U.S., free). To switch to a new caliber, retool the plants (in the U.S.) and equip whole armies with the British piece, would cost billions of dollars and years of time, not to mention scraping huge stocks of .30-cal. rifles and ammunition.

At the Fort Benning tests, the U.S. demonstrated its own new .30-cal. T-25, a 7½-pound rifle with a 20-round clip which can be fired automatically or single shot, and theoretically is capable of firing 750 rounds per minute. Almost everybody but the British went away thinking the new U.S. rifle was the No. 1 choice for NATO. British military men are still giving the impression that Britain will adopt the .280 regardless of NATO, but they have agreed to postpone going into production.



Boeing B-1 flying boat of 1919 vintage, first international mail plane, is dwarfed by U. S. Air Force's new Boeing C-97 Stratofreighter transport.

Out of the past comes the future

Boeing celebrates its 35th anniversary this year. Not old by ordinary standards; but in aviation, it's a whole age — virtually the age of flight.

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Superfortress, the 600-mile-an-hour B-47 Stratojet, the soon-to-appear B-52 eight-jet bomber and highly secret guided missile projects.

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BOEING

PEOPLE

Fair Game

After his Mexican "vacation" fiasco with Cinematress **Ava Gardner**, Crooner **Frank Sinatra** turned up in Reno, called reporters in to make his peace with the press and hand out a bit of news: he will sing in Nevada nightclubs for six weeks, then start his own divorce proceedings against wife Nancy. But somehow everyone was beginning to find the whole affair a little wearisome. Yawned the *New York Daily News* in a one-sentence editorial: "Anybody know of a bigger bore just now than Frank Sinatra?"

After 14 years of marriage to onetime Heavyweight Puncher **Lou Nova**, his wife decided she wanted a divorce. Among the reasons: his habit of putting his bare feet on the dining room table next to his mother-in-law's lemon meringue pie.

When Manhattan reporters caught **Dorothy Duke** stepping off the same plane with Playboy **Pat di Cicco**, they asked the routine question, got a routine answer: "I just happened to meet him aboard the plane. I hadn't seen him for years and I hardly recognized him. I was glad to have somebody to talk with, but every time I talk to someone they try to make a romance out of it."

In Portland, Ore., photographers gathered to record the second birthday of Nicholas Delano Seagraves, first great-grandchild of **Franklin D. Roosevelt**. Young Nicholas, a husky 30-pounder, obliged by mounting a one-eared toy donkey and flashing a smile that had more than passing resemblance to great-grandmother Eleanor. "He loves to eat," said his mother, the former "Sis" Dall. "And there isn't anything he doesn't like. He has all the teeth he's supposed to have, but I don't know just how many that is."

Affairs of State

Off for a holiday rest, Britain's Prime Minister **Clement Attlee** arrived at a resort hotel in Jotunheimen, Norway, where 25 fellow countrymen on tour greeted him with a burst of song ("For he's a jolly good fellow"). Later, starting out on a mountain hike, the Prime Minister firmly refused to wear sunglasses. Said he to his wife: "It seems to me that the world looks too gloomy through them."

In San Remo, Italy, members of the honeymoon party bubbled with the news that 17-year-old **Queen Narriman**, who married Egypt's Playboy **King Farouk** last May, is expecting a child.

In Washington, while a crowd of curious underlings looked on, Secretary of State **Dean Acheson** walked into the department's cafeteria, took his place in line, loaded up a tray and enjoyed a hearty lunch. The food, he announced afterwards, is just as good as he is used to in the private dining room upstairs, if not better—"It's hotter."

In San Sebastian, U.S. Ambassador to Spain **Stanton Griffis** told why he has taken to toting a .38-cal. automatic along to the beach when he goes swimming: police told him that an anti-Franco group had threatened his life.

Minister to Luxembourg **Perle Mesta** told a *Saturday Review of Literature* reporter that she liked to have an Air Force band at her G.I. parties. "Those cute things, just 19 or 20, away from home... They're just so cunning. They're Perle this and Perle that. Then they'll look shy at me and say, 'Would it be good manners if I used this fork?'" She hoped, Perle added, that people no longer considered her frivolous. "They've changed a little, don't you think? They thought I was just a



NICHOLAS DELANO SEAGRAVES
Missing: an ear.

party-giver... Well, I'll tell you, I'm just the hardest-working girl you know."

On his recent European jaunt, said **Bernard Baruch**, he had spent two days visiting Old Friend **Winston Churchill**, who "talks about nothing but horses. He can't hear any better than I can, but he won't wear an ear machine." Another conversation was reported by **James Eldridge** of the American Association for the United Nations, just back in Chicago from London. Curious to know what political party Churchill would have chosen had he been an American, Eldridge dropped a leading remark: "I believe you're Tory enough that you'd be a Midwest Republican." "Well," answered Churchill, "you don't think I'd be as bad as **Mr. Taft**, do you?"

Princess Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh declined with "deep regret" an invitation from New York's Official Greeter **Grover Whalen** to visit the city on their fall tour. Meanwhile, the duke was busy honing up on Canadian history and making speeches at home (see *SCIENCE*). He also found time to attend a London Variety Club luncheon at which he was given a life membership certificate (putting him on equal footing with **Harry Truman**) and hailed as "Brother Barker." As just plain "Papa," he joined his wife on the lawn of Clarence House, their London home, to give photographers a homey picture of royal family life with **Prince Charles** and **Princess Anne**, who is one year old this week, in the crawling stage and the proud possessor of six teeth.

Sunlight & Shadow

The Washington State Bonus Bureau announced that it had passed out \$64 million in bonus checks to 191,560 World War II veterans. Among them: General **Mark Clark**, who claimed residence as



PRINCESS ELIZABETH & FAMILY
Gained: six teeth.

Keystone

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owner of a summer home on Puget Sound's Camano Island. Because of length of service (four years overseas), General Clark got close to the state maximum, \$675.

Devadas Gandhi, editor of the *Hindustan Times*, arrived in Manhattan looking for motion pictures of his late father **Mohandas Gandhi**. His project: a series of film biographies. Profits, if any, will go to ease the lot of India's lepers.

After a skittish mare kicked Oregon's Republican Maverick **Wayne Morse** smack in the mouth at the Orkney Springs, Va. horse show, Washington reporters called at the Naval Hospital in Bethesda, Md. to see how the Senator was feeling, got their answer in a written note: "I have learned to roll with political kicks and punches, but I haven't learned how to absorb the kick of a horse yet."

Scheduled to leave this week for the International Poliomyelitis Conference in



GARY COOPER & BOB HOPE
Final score: unknown.

Copenhagen, **Sister Elizabeth Kenny** told reporters in Sydney, Australia that her 40-year fight against polio was moving inexorably toward an end. Said she: "I am unwell and incurably so. I only hope I will be spared the time to come home again. I am very happy in my beautiful Toowoomba home among my own relatives and the people among whom I made my discoveries on poliomyelitis. I want to end my days at home."

From Temple, N.H., his family announced that Senator **Charles W. Tobey's** state of "exhaustion" last month had really been a cerebral hemorrhage from which he is recovering "slowly but surely."

In Hollywood's Gilmore Field, some 11,000 fans turned out to see a wacky softball game billed as the "Out of This World Series." After Captains **Bob Hope** and **Gary Cooper** met at home plate, grabbed a bat and mugged for the cameras, the shenanigans got under way. Final score: unknown—no one bothered to tot it up. But a total of \$20,000 in gate receipts was turned over to charity.

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RELIGION

The Lepers of Tala

An Air Force chaplain went with some G.I.s on a sightseeing tour of the country around Manila. At a village called Tala, he saw a sight that horrified him. The people of Tala were all lepers.

These, thought the Rev. Anthony L. Hofstee, are surely the most unfortunate people on earth. He could not forget them. He wrote a prayer: "Dear Jesus . . . let me see in the need of the leper, Thy need; in his cry for help, Thy cry. Let me see in every leper, Thyself, O Lord, that I may always serve Thee through him." Five years later, his prayer was answered. Father Hofstee, after going home to the



FATHER HOFSTEE & LEPER
"You are my sunshine."

U.S. for his discharge, went back to Tala, to stay, he hopes, until he dies.

Tala is now the second biggest of the six leper colonies in the Philippines. There, 16 hours a day, six days a week, 48-year-old Dominican Father Hofstee lives and works among Tala's 938 men, 520 women and 225 children. He knows them all. Everywhere he goes—in markets, infirmaries, schools and streets—he stops to chat. For children he has jokes and candy. He cheers the men ("You're a bright boy; you should try and write stories to keep yourself busy") and joshes the women. "Ah, my pretty doll," he may say, "you're looking wonderful today." To an old crone with a shapeless, corroded face he will sing, "You are my sunshine."

Tuesday is Father Hofstee's day off. He climbs into his battered Dodge truck and bounces 20 miles south over the rough road to Manila, where he spends the day doing errands for his lepers, visiting their relations and raising money. The four years he has been there have made quite a difference in Tala. The village is a com-

munity now, instead of a human dump heap. Though the population has increased by more than 100%, the lepers are well housed and well fed, with a library, two schools, a nursery, weekly dances, movies and an elected government which Father Hofstee (a man not without humor) calls "the cleanest in the country."

But his transformation of Tala is not simply a matter of goods and services. More damaging than the disease itself, he thinks, is the leper's lonely sense of being abhorred, cast out and forgotten. Father Hofstee's chief effort is to give the lepers a real world of their own, with love in it and bright things to hope for. If you ask Father Hofstee, he will tell you that Tala is the best thing that ever happened to him. Says he: "If you put me out of here you cut my head off. This is my life, my whole self."

New Mass

Roman Catholics who went to Mass on the Feast of the Assumption this week found a new order of service. Special texts have been added to the liturgy in recognition of the new dogma of the Virgin Mary's bodily assumption into heaven.

Sample texts (from the Introit): "And a great sign appeared in heaven: A woman clothed with the sun, and the moon under her feet, and on her head a crown of twelve stars" (*Apocalypse 12:1*); "Sing ye to the Lord a new canticle: because he hath done wonderful things" (*Psalms 97:1*).

Christianity Writ Large

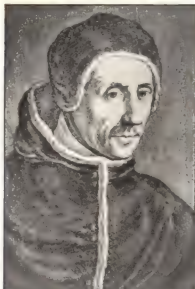
Blessed are the peacemakers: for they shall be called the children of God.

—Matthew 5:9

For Christians of different communions, the beam and the mote might sometimes seem a more appropriate symbol than the cross. Protestants and Catholics, jealous for their own particular form of Christianity and suspicious of the others', appear to the world as more Protestant or Catholic than Christian. But last week a Christian (who also happens to be a Roman Catholic priest) showed that Christianity can be writ large, for all Christians.

The Christian was an old man of 75, a famed theologian, a Bavarian named Karl Adam, now in retirement in Germany. In the Catholic weekly, *Commonweal*, Father Adam blamed his own church as well as the Protestants for the cleavage in Christendom. He even called a Pope to witness, Adrian VI, who wrote in 1523, two years after Luther's break at the Diet of Worms: "We freely acknowledge that God has allowed this chastisement to come upon His Church because of the sins of men and especially because of the sins of priests and prelates . . . We know well that for many years much that must be regarded with horror has come to pass in this Holy See."

Blind Obedience. The Catholics have lost much to Protestantism, said Theologian Adam, "all those precious construc-



POPE ADRIAN VI
Witness.

tive powers, all those souls of deep religious aspiration who have since then worked so fruitfully and creatively within the separated communions." But a still deeper damage was Catholicism's apparent shrinkage from a world-wide church to a community of Celtic and Latin peoples. Catholic theology and practical piety suffered, too, by concentrating too much on being anti-Lutheran.

"So it came about that the believing Catholic, over against Lutheran individualism, set special store by the principle of the Church's authority . . . that he was in danger of regarding the whole of Christianity as a matter of mere blind obedience to the Church . . ." Luther's doctrine of faith and grace, thinks Adam, frequently



SARAH CHAKKO
In answer to an echo.

led Catholics to overemphasize the importance of works and externals.

No Further. Christian unity, says Father Adam, must be founded on three principles. First, a man must take his own religion seriously, whether Catholic or non-Catholic. "He has no right to look towards another church if he has never taken the trouble to penetrate into the religious life and structure of his own communion and to satisfy his religious needs there first."

Adam's second principle is that the striving for unity must not be "a matter of politics or culture or aesthetics or romanticism" but a movement simply of prayer. In the light of Christ, the Catholic will no longer see Luther merely as an apostate. "He will recognize the many lights in his character; his unfathomable reverence for the mystery of God; his tremendous consciousness of his own sin; the holy defiance with which . . . he faced abuse and simony; the heroism with which he risked his life for Christ's cause; and . . . the natural simplicity and childlike quality of his whole manner of life and his personal piety."

And, by the same token, Protestants will "realize that it was precisely the Papal power at its fullest development which gathered the world into the dominion of Christ; . . . that without Papal infallibility in matters of faith and morals, the divine revelation would be forever at the mercy of human error and extravagance; that the inner kernel of Papal power . . . is nothing but service of the Church, nothing but a perpetual washing of the feet of the disciples . . ."

Father Adam's third principle is that "Trusting love, loving trust must be the animating principle of all our relations with each other."

President from India

The Chinese Communists are isolating and gagging Chinese Christians (see below). Last week an echo reached far-off Rolle, Switzerland. There, the World Council of Churches announced that one of its six presidents, Dr. T. C. Chao, had resigned last April. Dr. Chao, Anglican dean of the School of Religion at Peking's Yenching University, had resigned in protest against the council's stand on Korea and the Stockholm "peace" appeal.

To replace Chao, the World Council elected its first woman president, Sarah Chakko, president of Isabella Thoburn College at Lucknow, India. An indefatigable committeewoman, 46-year-old Miss Chakko is a member of India's Mar Thoma Church, which claims to have been founded by the Apostle Thomas. Also elected a World Council president was Archbishop Athenagoras of the Greek Orthodox Church, to replace the late Archbishop Germanos.

The World Council uttered thousands of words on the world's state. One notable passage: "Our churches are sick. The sickness is shown in their being at home in the world and conformed to the world's standards. At the same time, the churches

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are sick in that they are isolated from the world and failing to speak to it . . . In many subtle ways the churches capitulate to the temptation of worldliness, as for example in relying on the protection of the state, on the support of the wealthy, on a particular form of civilization . . ."

The Missionaries Leave

History's chapters are apt to end while nobody is looking, but today in China, everybody can see a page turning. Every afternoon in the week, over the little railroad bridge that spans the river at Lowu, on the border of Hong Kong, the Christian missionaries come plodding out of Communist China. Sometimes only one or two at a time, sometimes in groups as large as 40 or more, fagged and haggard from their long trek out of the interior, women as well as men, Protestants and Catholics, French, Belgians, Germans, Italians and Americans.

For a while, the Christian churches were hopeful that they could carry on in China. The incoming Communists said they were all for freedom of religion. Then the climate of tolerance changed: church property was confiscated, more & more missionaries were "tried" for espionage. Last winter, most Protestant denominations announced that they were recalling their missionaries as fast as possible (TIME, Jan. 15).

But wherever they could, the Roman Catholics hung on. The Reds tried their old trick of setting up a "church" of quiescent Catholics "independent" of Rome. When that failed (TIME, July 2), they fell back on franker methods. Last week news reached Hong Kong that in Peking the Communists had jailed at least 14 priests, padlocked twelve of the city's 17 Catholic churches and put all foreign priests still in Peking (about 40) under house arrest.

The Communists had dropped their pretense of tolerance; they were out to shut down every Christian church in China.

The Priest & the Girl (II)

Father Luciano Negrini and the girl for whom he had doffed his priestly habit (TIME, Aug. 13) began a new career last week—selling ready-tied neckties. The Super Record Tiemakers of Bologna announced that they were sending Negrini and Claire Young around to retailers and rural fairs in a sound truck to peddle their wares.

"I don't need references for Mr. Negrini," said the firm's proprietress. "I am sure he will carry out his work with intelligence and honesty."

"Another obstacle to our marriage has been removed," cried Claire, who describes herself and her lover as "two very simple and sincere people who love each other very much."

Negrini himself said nothing—nor did Claire's mother, who gave up and headed back to the U.S. But her Italian lawyer, Niccolò Bonelli, had a few words. Said he: "In any case the story is now completely over for us . . . We consider that Claire has been ruined by a vulgar delinquent."

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one address in
Chicago

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Super strength test

Aluminum's exceptional *strength combined with resiliency* enables today's military planes to withstand intense strains and pressures.

For example, in one structural test the wing of the Boeing B-47 Stratojet withstood a load of more than 700,000 pounds ... the wing tip was forced through an arc of more than 20 feet ... without a break.

This resilient strength of aluminum is but one of a unique combination of advantages, among which are lightness, corrosion-resistance, workability, conductivity,

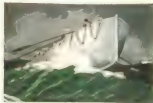
reflectivity, economy. Because of these properties, aluminum is the most versatile of metals ... and therefore is vital to our preparedness program as well as to thousands of essential civilian products.

Today, the increasing demand for aluminum limits the supply. However, we are operating our plants at maximum capacity and are vastly expanding facilities to produce more primary aluminum.

63 sales offices and warehouse distributors in principal cities. Kaiser Aluminum & Chemical Corporation, Oakland, Calif.

Kaiser Aluminum

A major producer in a growing industry



Strong aluminum with its corrosion resistance enables craft of all descriptions to stand up to buffeting of rough seas; and resists corrosion damage from continuous exposure to salt atmosphere.



Strong aluminum with its toughness assures landing mats that can take the constant pounding of heavy planes. They're easily transported, quickly installed, because of aluminum's lightness.



Strong aluminum with its lightness reduces the dead weight of trucks, trailers, buses. Result: Every pound saved can go into payload. Less maintenance, too, because of aluminum's corrosion resistance.

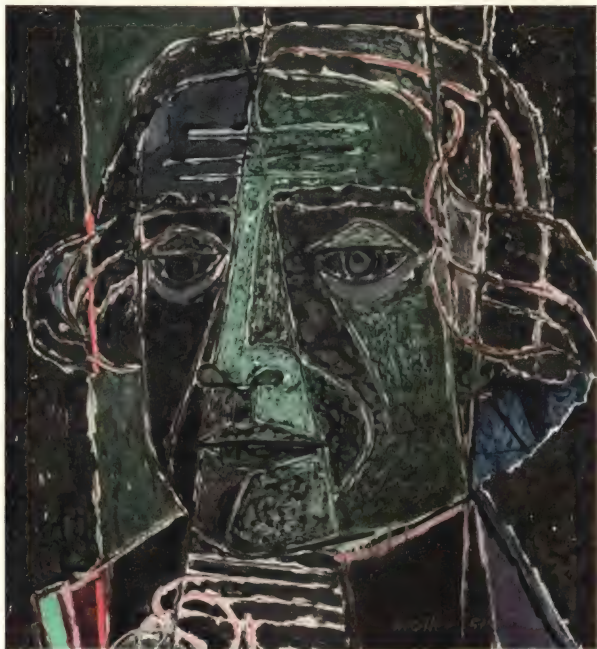


Strong aluminum with its electrical conductivity results in cable that transmits power efficiently and at lower installation cost than copper. Aluminum makes possible longer spans, less sag.



Strong aluminum with its heat conductivity is used for the pistons and other parts of aluminum air-cooled tank engines to dissipate quickly the intense heat generated. Lightness reduces overall weight.

ARTIST: HANS MÖLLER



GREAT IDEAS OF WESTERN MAN... ONE OF A SERIES

THOMAS JEFFERSON *on truth and a free press* (LETTER TO GEORGE WASHINGTON, 1790)

No government ought to be without censors; and where the press is free, no one ever will. If virtuous, it need not fear the fair operation of attack and defense. Nature has given to man no other means of sifting out the truth, either in religion, law, or politics.



CONTAINER CORPORATION OF AMERICA

The King Is Dead

Veiled in palm trees, atop one of the lushest Beverly Hills, the great cream-tinted house was heavily guarded against intruders. But one who trespassed there this week was not to be stopped by guards. By appointment, Death had come calling on a guest in the house—an old adversary, one whose stubbornness he could not help admiring. In his 80th year, the end had finally come for William Randolph Hearst, the capricious, inspired, ruthless and sentimental, sybaritic press lord.

The bulletin that came out of Los Angeles was, of all news stories, the one he had dreaded most. Because of this fear, no one ever dared mention Death in Hearst's presence. For four years he had suffered from heart disease and had been confined to the sprawling, overdeserted stucco home of his great and good friend and companion, Marion Davies.*

Almost to the end, his fertile, facile brain kept tabs on all his outposts of empire. He still spread his papers on the floor before his bedroom chair, turning the pages with one slipper and bending down to scrawl his piercing critiques, giving his editors lessons in Hearstian journalism. Deskmen at the Los Angeles *Examiner*, nerve center of the chain, received small or great commands as late as 3 a.m. More frequently in later years they were relayed over the phone by Miss Davies, and whether they called for an editorial blast against Secretary of State Acheson or for a box of Kleenex, they got action. It would be a long time before his editors got used to doing business without the messages that began "The Chief suggests..."

The Collection. The gaunt, wasted old man with the haunted eyes had given journalism a whole new set of techniques. But, in the minds of many newsmen, he had often misused those techniques to sensationalize journalism, seduce its public and debauch its practitioners. Good or bad, he had left his brand on four generations of U.S. life, in a multiple career as politician, publisher and plutocrat that stretched back beyond the memory of all but the oldest living Americans. At the end of it all, his earthly holdings included:

¶ 16 daily newspapers (total circ. 5,350,000); Sunday papers, including the supplement *American Weekly*, world's biggest (9,374,850) and eight monthly magazines in the U.S., ranging from *Cosmopolitan* to *Good Housekeeping* to *American Druggist* (total circ. 6 million).

¶ Ranches, including San Simeon, Winton, others in Texas and Mexico. Mines and oil fields in the U.S., Mexico and Peru, including the famed Homestake Mine, rich gold-producer at Lead, S.D., and fountainhead of his fortune.

¶ Incidental: fabulous collections of armor, Georgian silver, paintings, sculptures,

* Ironically, Hearst's doctor did advance heart research by experiments on dogs (TIME, March 28, 1949). But Antivivisectionist Hearst, whose fees helped pay for the project, was never told.

tapestries, antique furniture (all periods).

The whole collection added up to \$500 million, maybe more. Even Mr. Hearst wasn't sure.

The Heirs. Who will get it all? Said Hearst's personal lawyer this week: "As will be shown by his last will and testament when it is filed for probate, he leaves the bulk of his estate for the benefit of his fellow Americans—for charitable, religious, educational, literary, scientific and public purposes." Other probable beneficiaries: his five sons; his widow, Mrs. Millicent Hearst of Manhattan, who never divorced W.R. though they were estranged for the last 29 years of his life.

Who will run the world's richest publishing empire? Among its top managers and likely to continue so: Richard E. Berlin, president of the Hearst Corp.; Richard A. Carrington Jr., publisher of the Chief's favorite paper, the Los Angeles *Examiner*; the *Examiner*'s top editorial man, Editor Raymond T. Van Eitich; Jacob D. Gortatowsky, 65, general manager of the Hearst newspapers; E. D. Co-blentz, 68, of the San Francisco *Call-Bulletin*; Walter (Front Page) Howey, editor of *American Weekly*.

For the present, only one of the quintet of Hearst sons is regarded as likely to be entrusted with top management. He is the ablest and most responsible of the lot: balding William Randolph Hearst Jr., 43, now publisher of the *Journal-American* and the *American Weekly*.

Eldest son George, 47, is the fat, fun-loving treasurer of the San Francisco *Examiner*. David, 35, is publisher of the Los Angeles *Herald*; his twin brother Randolph is executive editor of the San Francisco *Call-Bulletin*; and John, 41, is assistant to "Gorty" Gortatowsky. Not one of the lavishly indulged sons has yet shown the spark with which their father, another lavishly indulged son, set the newspaper business on fire 64 years ago.

Silver Spoon. He was a complex child of simple, ambitious parents. "Phoebe Aperson Hearst," wrote Hearstling Winifred Black Bonhills in an official biography, "was born [1842] in an old-fashioned American home, on an old-fashioned American farm in the old-fashioned American State of Missouri. She died in a magnificent Spanish hacienda in California, surrounded with every exotic luxury that the brain of man could conceive, or the heart of woman desire." She married a rough & rowdy Missouri Argonaut named George Hearst, who lost two fortunes, but won three in gold & silver. In San Francisco, on April 29, 1863, she gave birth to a son.

Like his bustling, newly rich home town, Willie Hearst, an only child, grew up fast. He was ten when his energetic mother took him off to Europe for his first grand tour. From Londonderry Phoebe wrote her husband: "You know Willie is always interesting when well, and full of pranks. He talked so quietly and was very good, but I would have felt happier to have him well and a little bad."

The first newspaper that worldly Willie got interested in was, unaccountably, the austere London *Times*, to which he subscribed during his year at austere St. Paul's School. At Harvard, he studied Joseph Pulitzer's sensational New York *World*, sold ads for the *Lampoon*—and still had time for pranks. His most elaborate one was his last: he sent each of his professors a chamber pot for Christmas 1885, and was promptly expelled. He had lost interest in school anyway; he had his eye on the puny San Francisco *Examiner*, which his politicking father had taken over to get himself a Democratic party mouthpiece. One day Willie wrote his dad, newly appointed to the U.S. Senate, to ask for "our miserable little sheet."

"To tell the truth," he confided, "I am possessed of the weakness which at some time or other of their lives, pervades most men; I am convinced that I could run a newspaper successfully..."

Golden Boy. The lanky (6 ft. 1 in., 155 lbs.), blond-mustached 23-year-old took over the *Examiner* on March 4, 1887. He subtitled his little sheet "Monarch of the Dailies," and set out, as one editor put it, "to arouse the 'gee whiz!' emotion." The *Examiner*'s boss rushed special trains to cover out-of-town fires, ran up enormous cable tolls. He wrote boob-catching headlines like A SUNDAY SUICIDE OF A LOVE-SICK LOAFER. On the premise that "there is no substitute for circulation," he spent his father's money like a drunken prospector—then made it back, as circulation multiplied.

He gathered around him a brilliant, erratic crew of staffers and contributors (Ambrose Bierce, Mark Twain, Edwin Markham, Homer Davenport, et al.), entertained them by dancing jigs in the office, striding through the streets with a cane that whistled, and in more corruptive ways. He was great fun to work for; after a hard day in the newsroom he liked to gather the staff at his big house for lavish parties complete [said horrified gossip] with "abandoned dancing girls." After his father died (1891), someone complained to his mother that Willie was wasting the family fortune away at \$1 million a year. "Too bad," said Phoebe Hearst sweetly. "Then he'll only last 30 years."

The Yellow Kid. By 1895, having perfected his techniques of carnival journalism, he felt ready to conquer Manhattan. He had \$7½ million with him, and he was ready to bet it all on his new paper, the *Morning Journal*. One day Hearst rocked Pulitzer by buying away the entire Sunday staff of his *World*—including Morrill Goddard, who was to steer the blatant *American Weekly* toward the world's biggest circulation with such stories as NAILED HER FATHER'S HEAD TO THE FRONT DOOR. From then on W.R.'s *Journal* outplayed the *World* at its own scare-head-hunting game. It was the Hearst-Pulitzer tug-of-war over Richard Outcault's forlorn *Yellow Kid* that brought on the day of the colored comic strip, and gave "yellow journalism" its name.

From there to jingo journalism was an easy step. To whip up U.S. sentiment



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WORLD'S LARGEST MANUFACTURER OF ROLLED, FIGURED AND WIRED GLASS

against Spain, Hearst sent Reporter Richard Harding Davis and Artist Frederick Remington to Cuba to "document" Spanish atrocities. When the artist complained that there were no signs of strife and asked leave to return home, W.R. sent him a supremely cynical cable: PLEASE REMAIN. YOU FURNISH THE PICTURES AND I'LL FURNISH THE WAR.

The Gamut. The U.S. has largely forgotten (as Hearst apparently did in his latter days) that a half century ago, he was regarded by some as a Socialist radical, and by many as a friend of the people. He muckraked the trusts, exposed Standard Oil for bribing Senators, campaigned for the eight-hour day (which Hearst properties ignored), woman suffrage, public ownership—and, of course, for circulation. In 1901 he was hanged in effigy as an inciter of McKinley's assassination, but a year later he was elected to a seat (rarely to be occupied) in Congress, having run in a "safe" Tammany district. He celebrated by marrying Millicent Willson, from the chorus of *The Girl From Paris*. It was the snubs they suffered from stuffy upperclass Britons on their gala transatlantic honeymoon that helped turn him into an Anglophobe. (In 1930 it was France's turn. The French barred W.R. from their shores because a Hearstling had swiped the text of a secret Franco-British treaty. From then on, in the Hearst press, France was as perfidious as Albion.)

Enamored of politics, he began affecting frock coats in order to look like a politico. He poured out \$1,500,000 in an unsuccessful try for the 1904 Democratic nomination for President. Next year he actually won the New York mayoralty in a bloody election, only to see Tammany rig the count and cheat him out of his victory. In 1906, he was defeated by Charles Evans Hughes for the governorship of New York. In 1922, still nursing a political ambition that reached all the way to the White House, he made his last cast for office, began a campaign for the Democratic nomination for U.S. Senator from New York. Governor Al Smith, who had come to despise the great publisher, refused to run on the same ticket with him. It was a death blow to Hearst's candidacy. At last he knew that he would never be President.

Imperial Hearst. All the while, like Citizen Kane,* for whom he was the model, Hearst grew in wealth, if not in stature. The era of the Winsor McCay cartoons (against the yellow peril, the red peril, the dope peril, etc.) and the thundering Brisbanalities of the column *Today*, was also the era when Hearst's insatiable acquisitiveness reached its height. He added dozens of papers to his string, turned a score of U.S. cities into Hearst towns.

At 240,000-acre San Simeon, where he rode with his father as a boy, Hearst de-

* For producing, directing and starring in the motion picture of the same name, a satire on the life of The Chief, Orson Welles suffered the nearest thing to excommunication that Mr. Hearst could inflict. For years the offending genius could not be mentioned at all in Hearst papers.



The stream of water that saved 22 manhours a week ... another PENNSALT CHEMICAL "Answer"

A MANUFACTURER was using a standard caustic soda solution to etch aluminum pistons. The action of the caustic on aluminum deposited a hard residue in the tank... so hard that a jack-hammer and 48 manhours were needed every two weeks to remove it. Then Pennsalt was brought into the picture...

After study, Pennsalt compounded a chemical product that etched the aluminum successfully. What's more, it left only a *soft* residue in the etching tank... a sludge that could be *flushed* out with a stream of water. Now, a tank can be

cleaned in only 3 hours... a saving of more than 22 manhours a week!

Time-saving, cost-lowering "answers" like this are frequent at Pennsalt. You'll find Pennsalt chemicals solving problems in nearly every major industry... in agriculture... in departments of Public Health. Perhaps Pennsalt can help solve one of your problems. Specific inquiries invited.

If you'd like further information on Pennsalt products for industrial preparation of various metal surfaces, just mail the coupon, checking your particular metal problem. Pennsylvania Salt Manufacturing Company, 1003 Widener Bldg., Phila. 7, Pa.



WATER One of life's basics is water, but it can also be a vehicle of death, when contaminated. Pennsalt, one of the Nation's important producers of chlorine, supplies this health-protecting chemical for use in water systems throughout the land.



APPLES Apples are rumored to ward off doctors, but apple growers and other fruit farmers know that Pennsalt-pioneered insecticides and fungicides ward off the ravages of insects and blights.

PROGRESSIVE CHEMISTRY FOR OVER A CENTURY

TIME, AUGUST 20, 1951



PENNSALT CHEMICALS

For Industry • Agriculture • Health • Home

PENNSYLVANIA SALT MFG. CO.,
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I'D LIKE MORE INFORMATION ON YOUR
PRODUCTS FOR INDUSTRIAL SURFACE
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(METAL)

NAME _____

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COMPANY _____

TITLE _____

"May I
tell you why
you'll love
the
America?"

asks Mrs. Kermit Roosevelt who has
made over 100 Atlantic crossings.

"I love the S.S. America for countless reasons. She is both beautiful and comfortable. I have never seen more attractive nor more conveniently-planned staterooms. The Public Rooms are spacious, just wonderful for gay parties as well as small groups. And the food and service are excellent with careful attention given to every detail.

"It is my desire and pleasure to sail on the America whenever possible."

From New York to Cohn, Havre, Southampton: August 28, Sept. 15, Oct. 4, Oct. 23 and regularly thereafter. Also to Bremerhaven, starting Oct. 23. *First Class* \$295 up; *Cabin* \$200 up; *Tourist* \$160 up. See your Travel Agent or United States Lines, New York, Baltimore, Boston, Chicago, Cleveland, Los Angeles, Montreal, Norfolk, San Francisco, Seattle, Washington, D. C.

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States
Lines**

No finer service afloat or ashore



creed stately pleasure domes that would have awed Kubla Khan. He equipped the place with everything from giraffes to Roman baths, spent millions to give its vistas a Maxfield Parrish unreality—and insisted on paper napkins and ketchup bottles at the long refectory table because San Simeon was still "the ranch."

He also acquired (from the Ziegfeld Follies) Miss Marion Davies, née Douras. Blonde and bubbly daughter of a Brooklyn judge, she was a chorus girl when W.R. met her during World War I. Hearst presently took over her career. Soon Marion Davies was a star of Hearst's Cosmopolitan pictures (*Little Old New York*), and its \$104,000-a-year president. She was to be the aging press lord's companion until his death.

Wrong Number. His political alliances were never so durable: it was his allergy to practical give-&-take that wrecked his relations with Al Smith, as well as with Hughes and Franklin Roosevelt. In 1932, Hearst cut the cards for the New Deal, assuring Roosevelt's nomination with the telephoned order from San Simeon that switched convention delegates of California and Texas from John Garner to F.D.R. But Roosevelt was against everything that Hearst now stood for. When he realized how things were, Hearst furiously reversed his editorial guns; his papers were ordered to print it "Raw Deal," even in reporting New Dealers' speeches. But it was an anachronistic war; the landslide against Alf Landon (1936), Hearst's personally blessed candidate, was a measure of the decline of the Hearstpapers' editorial force.

Hearst had greater troubles; for the first time in his life, he was desperately strapped for cash. The old man swallowed his pride, and turned over financial control of his overextended empire to a board of regents headed by Manhattan Lawyer Clarence Shearn and Broker John W. Hanes, former Under Secretary of the Treasury. For Hearst himself, it meant a cut in his reckless spending; for his crazy-quilt domain it meant consolidations, ruthless budget cuts. One night in Manhattan's Ritz Tower, Marion Davies did her bit: she calmly wrote out a check for \$1,000,000 and handed it across a table to W.R. Choking, Hearst told her: "Some day, Marion, I'll make it up to you."

Songs at Twilight. Thanks to economies and the World War II boom, the empire was restored to health, and its emperor to some of the power he had wielded of old. In a sense, his kind of journalism had had its sensationalized thunder stolen as long ago as the '20s, with the rise of the tabloids.

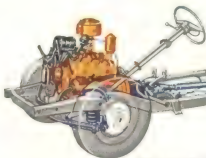
Once he had summed up his credo: "Life is action. Sport, as well as work, is contention. All nature strives and vies, not to attain tranquility but a more effective degree of activity. Nothing that is alive and vigorous is tranquil—not the birds nor the beasts nor the poor fish nor human beings nor nations. Whatever begins to be tranquil is gobbled up by something which is not tranquil."

At long last, contentious, vigorous William Randolph Hearst found tranquility.



TURN THE IGNITION KEY—THE ENGINE GOES INTO ACTION! NO FUSS. NO FUMBLE STARTS ARE 'INSTANT-QUICK'!

NO ROLL—NO PITCH—NO JOUNCE!
AUTOMATIC RIDE CONTROL
LITERALLY 'IRONS OUT' THE ROAD!



STYLE LIKE THIS WILL
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THOSE FORDCRAFT FABRICS
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A KEY-TURN AND THE DECK LID
PRACTICALLY LIFTS ITSELF!



THOSE BEAUTIFUL
BAKED-ON COLORS
WILL KEEP THEIR
SPARKLE FOR YEARS!

A "Test Drive" will show you why the '51 Ford is the one fine car in its field! You'll find it's big where bigness counts, with the most hip-and-shoulder room in its class... largest luggage compartment, too. It gives you such advanced features as the Automatic Mileage Maker which helped place Ford first in its class in the Mobilgas Economy Run. And, you have your choice of... three transmissions—Conventional Drive, Overdrive* or Fordomatic Drive*... two great engines—100-h.p. V-8 or 95-h.p. Six!



See "Ford Festival" starring
Jimmy Dickinson NBC-TV



*Optional planar drive. The latter's Drive available with V-8 only. Equipment, accessories and both subject to change without notice.

the '51 **FORD**

You can pay more but you can't buy better!



To keep electrical systems at top speed, the petroleum industry uses Westinghouse Metal-Clad Switchgear like this for fast, sure protection to all electrical devices.

They did

A certain pipe line operator* licked a problem worrying many management men today. He had to get more production. He was building a new Big Inch pipe line, and he wanted to pump more oil than was possible with standard equipment. The essential problem was to find a faster, more automatic, more reliable and less backbreaking scheme for starting and stopping the pumping motors, and opening and closing the necessary valves in proper sequence to keep oil flowing at peak rate through the line.

what

How he did this can mean dollars to a textile man, a steel man; to any executive looking for more production from the same basic facilities. He asked us for a scheme, a method, an operating proposal. His engineers and ours cracked the nut by putting together an electrical system of many devices—including starters, switchgear, controls—specifically devised to meet his particular set of conditions. The system we worked out starts, stops and regulates this highly complex series of operations, automatically and fast. Now one man does in six minutes what would take three men an hour, manually. That fifty-four minutes extra pumping time is his production gold mine.

you can do

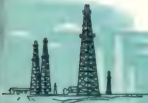
This case gives a cue to your own approach to today's universal problem. Most businesses can produce more with the basic facilities they have. Most plants need a new looking-at, a constructive look. We are asking to take that kind of a look with you.

to produce more

The specific devices needed can be talked about later. It is the way you use them that counts . . . whether thermostats, heaters, meters, instruments, or circuit breakers. Many manufacturers make good electrical devices. Westinghouse, in fact, makes a broader line than anyone else. But the priceless ingredient Westinghouse offers you, in addition, is the skill of broadly experienced engineers in putting together the right combination of good devices to let you produce more with what you have. Westinghouse Electric Corporation, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

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If you plan it right today, you will be able to relax and enjoy yourself.

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The only hitch is whether or not you'll have enough to live on when

the time finally comes. You will if you plan it *right*—starting today.

And your Massachusetts Mutual agent can show you how—with life insurance. Through him, you can arrange to get a guaranteed income for yourself each month—from \$50 to \$300 or more—starting at age 55, 60, or 65. And this income is for life—with NO investment worries.

So why not talk to your Massachusetts Mutual agent now! See how

you can be assured of an income for your retirement years with a program that is flexible enough to take care of your present life insurance needs *today*.

Providing life insurance programs of "planned flexibility" has been our job for one hundred years . . . another good reason why at the great moment of your life, you should talk over your plans with your Massachusetts Mutual Agent.

Massachusetts Mutual

For 100 years . . . a great name in life insurance.

LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

SPRINGFIELD,
MASSACHUSETTS

Long-Shot at Goshen

Until a year ago, Milwaukee Contractor Ralph H. Kroening raced his string of trotters mostly around Midwestern state fairs. Then he sent his driver-trainer, Guy Crippen, to look over a handsome two-year-old colt named Mainliner. Crippen liked what he saw. Kroening got on the phone and bought the dark brown horse for \$25,000, sight unseen. He forthwith found himself too busy with defense work to watch his new trotter in competition (ten wins in 23 starts last year, one out of 13 this season). But last week, Contractor Kroening took a few days off, went to Goshen, N.Y. There, at the 26th annual Hambletonian mile (for three-year-old trotters), he saw his horse for the first time, and cheered a performance he will never forget.

Mainliner opened at 6-1, then the odds climbed to a post-time 27-1 as 15,000 harness-racing fans wagered heavily on such highly touted favorites as Scotch Rhythm, Betsy Volo and Spennib. In the first heat (with two heat victories needed to take first money), Mainliner spurred from the No. 2 spot, moved smoothly in behind favorite Spennib. At the first turn, Mainliner still looked like Spennib's unshakable shadow. Then Great Hanover came around both horses to lead Spennib by more than a length at the half.

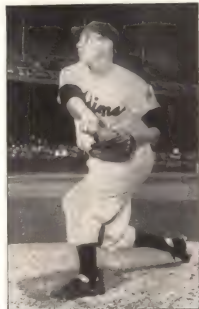
Coming into the homestretch, grizzled, canny Driver Crippen, 59, let Mainliner go all out for the first time. The colt shot ahead, sailed past the leaders and took the heat by two lengths.

Still not quite convinced, the crowd figured Kroening's colt no better than a 3-1 second choice to win the second heat. Kroening himself expected no repeat performance. But Mainliner did it all over

again, took the lead at the head of the stretch, held off every challenger to finish a length ahead of Scotch Rhythm for the Hambletonian's biggest upset since The Ambassador paid \$68.20 in 1942. To Owner Kroening went a \$51,347.26 winner's share of the \$95,263 purse, richest Hambletonian in history.

Indian Sign

"I caught some pretty good pitching staffs in my time," said Cleveland Manager Al Lopez, "but this tops them all." Ex-Catcher Lopez (Brooklyn, 1930-35) was in a mood to crow. By this week the Indians had won eleven straight, 38 of their last 47 games, had pulled themselves up from ten games off the pace to a lead of two and a half games over the New York



PITCHER FELLER
Curve balls and sliders.

Yankees in the nip & tuck American League pennant race.

Though Cleveland's famed sluggers, Luke Easter, Flip Rosen and Larry Doby were wallowing in a batting slump, and the team was hitting a dismal .265 (sixth place), Lopez was getting above-standard performances from Fitchers Mike Garcia (16-7), Bob Lemon (13-9) and Early Wynn (12-11), as well as from lefthanded Reliever Lou Brissie (59 hits in 74 innings). But the man who was really cracking the whip in the Cleveland pennant drive was Righthander Bob Feller. The onetime boy wonder, who has never had a losing season since he came to the majors, was having his best ever. His 19 victories (four defeats) leads both leagues in his 13th year in the majors, puts him well on the way to 25 wins for the season.

Ex-Fireballer Feller has slowed down with age (32), but more than makes up



MARKSWOMAN MANDEL
Perfection despite heat.

for it in experience. "I don't pitch as fast as I used to," says Bob, "don't know whether I could. I guess I'm only about 85 or 90% as fast as I used to be. I don't try fast balls so much. I mix them up a good deal by trying curve balls and sliders. Hitters aren't afraid I'll hit them with wild pitches like I used to, so it's harder to pitch to them. They know I've got good control."

But Feller, whose big ambition is still to win a World Series game,* thinks he will get a chance at it this year: "The most difficult thing in this game is to get up there, We've done that, and I think we'll stay." Manager Lopez, violating every tradition of the trade, is sure of it. "I don't look for a letdown. We're where we are because of our pitching, and the boys know that. The hitters will still be trying to help more and they should."

The Brooklyn Dodgers, the runaway leaders in the National League race, virtually settled the issue last week, once & for all, by whipping the second-place New York Giants in three straight games, bounded off to a 12½-game lead this week.

Big Bang in Dallas

Skeet† is trap-shooting with frills, designed to make trapshooting as much as possible like game-bird shooting. In skeet's basic 25-shot round, each shooter follows an identical routine: 1) two single shots, from each of the eight field stations, at clay pigeons sprung into the air from each trap house at 70 m.p.h.; 2) double shots from stations 1, 2, 6 and 7, at birds sprung simultaneously, one coming toward him, one going away; 3) an optional shot from any station (bringing

* In 1948, after Cleveland won the second pennant in its history, Feller lost two games to Boston, had to be taken out of one.

† From the Norwegian word *skytte* (shooter).



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SKEET FIELD



the total to 25 and usually taken wherever
the gunner misses his first bird).

In Dallas last week, 400 of the best
U.S. gunners met to shoot it out for the
National Skeet championships (broken
down into age, sex, gun-gauge, amateur
and professional categories). A perfect
round (25 hits, no misses) is fine shooting
on anybody's skeet field. But a 25 was
commonplace to the eagle-eyed marksmen
who blasted away at the Dallas Gun
Club's tent camp during the worst Texas
heat wave in years.

Family Show. All week the skeet fields
(24 in all) were circled by processions of
competitors aiming at prizes in 38 major
events, popping pump-gun, .410s, bang-
ing cannonlike 12-gauges. Whole families
were part of the show, fathers, mothers,
sons & daughters, teaming up or compet-
ing against each other.

Some of the youngsters gave their el-
ders some real scores to shoot at. Edward
Harris, a twelve-year-old Galveston boy,
knocked down 100 of 100 birds in the
Sub-Junior championship for a new
world's record. In the Junior division
Robert Smith, 16, from Silver Spring,
Md., hit 248 out of 250 for another
world's record.

Glamour in Tweed. The tournament
glamor girl was Cuban-born Carola Man-
del, 31, wife of wealthy Chicago Depart-
ment Store Owner Leon Mandel. A skeet
shooter for only three years, steady-
nerved Mrs. Mandel is already right up
in the big time, last month won the Open
High-Over-All title at Chicago, outshoot-
ing some veteran male marksmen to do it.
In Dallas, wearing her regular plaid shirt
& tweed skirt, despite the heat, she won
the 20-gauge (100 out of 100) and small
gauge (98 out of 100) competitions, for a
split of the major women's titles with
Mrs. R. H. Hecker of Tucson, Ariz. Of
the big 12-gauge gun, Carola says: "It
begins to get very heavy and very long
after a little while."

On the last day, Staff Sergeant Glenn
W. Van Buren of Fort Worth's Carswell
Air Force Base was tied with four others

after a perfect 200-for-200 score in the
All Gauge division. He had lost out last
year because he missed one bird. But this
year he never wavered. When the din and
the powder smell had faded away, he had
raised his score to 250 out of 250 in the
shootoff, to become the first three-time
champion (1948, 1949) in National Skeet
history.

Who Won

¶ The U.S. Davis Cup Team, over Cana-
da in five straight matches: in Montreal.
After Dick Savitt and Tony Trabert won
their singles matches in straight sets, Tra-
bert and Budge Patty clinched the title
with a 6-4, 6-3, 6-2 victory in the doubles.
Next day Patty and Art Larsen took their
singles to complete the shutout. Next
stop: The interzone final matches against
Sweden in Australia next December.

¶ Australia's Frank Sedgman, over Aus-
tralia's Mervyn Rose, in the first all-
foreign final in the history of the New-
port (R.I.) Invitation Tennis Tournament
singles.

¶ Ben Hogan, with a blazing final 6-
under-par round of 66 for a 72-hole total
of 273, the \$12,500 top money (golf's
biggest prize) in the Tam O'Shanter Coun-
try Club's \$50,000 tournament; at Chi-
cago. Tied for eighth place: Lloyd Man-
gum, who played his home course under
police guard after a threatening telephone
call (TIME, Aug. 13).

¶ Former Middleweight Champion
"Rocky" Graziano, after a second-round
knockout of Chuck Hunter, in a fight that
looked so phony to the referee that Hunter's
purse was impounded; in Boston.

¶ Bandleader Guy Lombardo and his
Tempo VI, the National Sweepstakes
(speedboat) championship ten-mile race;
at Red Bank, N.J.

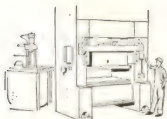
¶ Mary McNabb, 17, Tuskegee Institute
freshman, the 200 meter dash in 0:24.3
seconds (new U.S. record) and the 50
meter dash in 0:06.4 seconds (tying the
U.S. record) at the National Amateur
Athletic Union Junior Track & Field
Championships; in Waterbury, Conn.

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at the
shape of
things
to come!



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Ethical Mistiness

Few Americans agree on what education is or should be. Throughout the U.S. last week, the West Point scandal (see NATIONAL AFFAIRS) was raising dust storms of argument. The dust might obscure the old, sphinxlike questions, but it blended nicely with the U.S. moral climate—which Americans in general found squally, humid and oppressively misty. And obviously education had something to do with that ethical mistiness. Nearly everybody—from editorial writers to policemen—had something to say on the subject.

The New York *World-Telegram* and *Sun* called "for a rebirth of ethics on American campuses." To the student weekly at the University of Virginia, the 90 cadets were "black knaves." To some sympathizers—and to some of themselves—the disgraced cadets were martyrs.

Guards of Honor. Some were inclined to blame the honor system rather than the students. "Its chief weakness," said Dean Henry G. Doyle of George Washington University, "is that every man pledges himself to be guard not only of his own honor, but of that of his fellows. This immediately runs afoul of the tradition against the tattle-tale." Added Manhattan Psychiatrist Marion Kenworthy, "We older persons . . . are as responsible as the students when we create psychological temptations."

But wherever they placed the blame, educators knew that the scandal was not West Point's alone. The subsidized athlete was still a plague, and no one could be so naive, admitted Dean R.B. Browne of the University of Illinois, as to "believe the appearance of a blue-chip athlete on a college campus would take anyone by surprise." At William and Mary, two coaches resigned last week after the athletic department was charged with faking high-school grades to get promising athletes in. Even parents have been tainted, said Retiring President Alexander G. Ruthven of the University of Michigan: they have come to believe "that their sons ought to be paid for their competition."

Something to Shout About. As for cheating, it is also apparently universal. Yale, troubled by the manners, rudeness and "easy moral standards" of some students, felt forced to issue a warning that it was about to "tighten up." Other colleges and universities already had their own tight controls.

From Harvard on down, most colleges give rigidly proctored examinations. ("It seems inexcusable," says the University of Chicago's chief examiner, "to place the burden of honesty upon the students.") Only one university in ten trusts its students enough to maintain an honor system. Crowded the *Stanford Daily*: "As long as schools like West Point supposedly have an honor code, Stanford need not take pride in the mere possession of one; but to have one that works—that indeed is something to shout about."

Report Card

¶ By the end of 1950, U.S. cities (pop. over 100,000) were spending \$246.71 a year per public-school pupil—a rise of more than 90% since 1940.

¶ Ada Lois Sipuel Fisher, 27—the first Negro ever admitted (after a legal battle) to the University of Oklahoma Law School—got her diploma. Her record: "satisfactory."

¶ Said Clarence R. Graham of the Louisville Free Public Library: "In a democracy, what the people think is right. If you want to save the world, all you have to do is to make people think. Never before has it been so important that people



OKLAHOMA'S FISHER
After a battle, satisfaction.

think, and never before has it been so important that they think in a hurry."

¶ Ready for the opening of school next month, Chicago department stores are featuring: for kindergarten, coonskin caps; for finger-painting class, dusters and smocks; for boys of seven and up, a ten-way suit with jacket & pants to match, extra pants of another color, a vest that is a solid color on one side and plaid on the other.

¶ Banned from Canton's Communist schools as "feudal and reactionary": Confucius.

¶ The Princeton University Library acquired an arithmetic notebook kept by a 14-year-old New Jersey schoolboy back in 1721. Sample problem: "A Certain man and his wife did usually drink out a vessel of beer in 12 days and the Husband found by often experience That his wife being absent it would Last him 20 days then. Question is how many days the wife would be a drinking it alone."*

* Answer: 30 days.



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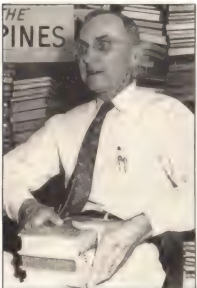
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Books for the World

The letters all have foreign stamps, and they are all grateful. Though most of them begin "Dear Doctor," or "Dear Professor," the man to whom they are addressed never even finished eighth grade. He is just plain Henry Dunn, 60, caretaker of the University of Texas' Main Building.

For four years Henry Dunn has been sending books to needy libraries abroad. He began it after hearing a Chinese coed describe the plight of her country's universities. Dunn straightaway started collecting 7,000 volumes for Lingnan University in Canton, whose library had been burned by the Japanese.

Then he heard about other foreign colleges and schools that needed help. "Never had much of a chance to read books



TEXAS' DUNN
He fills libraries.

myself," he would say, "and I appreciate how much they mean to people who are in the same fix." In his spare time, he begged books wherever he could—duplicates from libraries, old books from professors; he bought discarded textbooks from the state for a dollar a ton.

The campus community chest sent him \$850; an Austin dowager, \$750; a businessman, \$800 more. He used these funds for freight—to Japan, Brazil, India, Germany, Liberia, the Philippines. He sent all kinds of books: dictionaries, biographies, encyclopedias, novels. In four years he shipped out 325,000 volumes.

Now, he scarcely has time even to read the letters he gets, or smile at the way they are addressed. Last week he was collecting 14,000 volumes for Austin's Samuel Huston College (for Negroes), which, he heard, was about to lose its accredited standing for lack of a big enough library. And when that job is done Henry Dunn plans to do something about Korea. "You know," says he, "in this country there are enough books to educate the whole world."

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MEDICINE

Victory over Heredity

When Ida Muia Donnelly was born 24 years ago in Montrose, Pa., she had two strikes against her: from both mother & father (who were first cousins), she had a heritage of Mediterranean anemia, in which the red blood cells are abnormally thin. Ida had a doubly severe case of the disease, which afflicts (generally mildly) many Italians, Greeks, Syrians and Armenians, and their U.S.-born offspring.

Mediterranean anemia cannot be cured by iron treatments or removal of the spleen; it can only be relieved by transfusions of blood containing husky red cells. With good care and many transfusions, Ida grew up into a vivacious, healthy-looking girl. But when she married Raymond Donnelly, who works at a country club, doctors told her that she should never bear a baby.

Ida Donnelly thought differently. She got through the first eight months of pregnancy with the help of occasional transfusions. About three weeks ago, Dr. Savas T. Nittis warned that she would need 15 to 25 pints of blood before the baby was due, and more during the birth and afterward. The Donnellys could not afford \$35 a pint, but newspaper appeals brought 1,500 volunteer donors.

To avoid complications in childbirth, the doctors decided upon a Caesarean. Last week, with Dr. Nittis hovering near by, a technician poured more than a quart of blood into Mrs. Donnelly's veins as two surgeons performed the operation. The patient, under spinal anesthesia, clutched a rosary and a religious medal. When she was told "It's a boy," she murmured "Thank you, dear God," and fell asleep.

In his studies of Mediterranean anemia, Dr. Nittis has never known a victim with



N.Y. Daily News

IDA DONNELLY

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SIX CASES OF POLIO among eight children was the load that had to be shouldered last week by Los Angeles Bricklayer Donald DeMars and his wife, shown here with daughter Patricia, 12, and son Richard, 3 (in the iron lung). Patricia, who had the lightest case, left the hospital after four days, followed by Shirley, 5, and David, 10 months. Still in the hospital with Richard: Donald, 10 (iron lung too), Audrey, 7.

so severe a case as Ida Donnelly's to survive for 24 years, let alone carry a child full term. Now she has enough blood credits to last her for years. And 74-lb. Raymond Edwin John Donnelly Jr. can thank his father for the fact that his blood seems free of the taint.

Radio to the Rescue

It was time for dinner, but Fred von Rekowsky, New York City "ham" radio operator, was determined not to turn off his set until he found out what the distant voice was trying to say. It seemed to want "New York only." The static was bad, but through it he caught a murmur of soft English: "Emergency . . . to try and save a child's life . . ."

Rekowsky forgot about his dinner.

He tried to get through to the murmuring voice: no luck. But a new voice came in strong: a fellow amateur in Clewiston, Fla. had caught the emergency message. By relay, Rekowsky pieced out a story from Oporto, Portugal.

There, a man named Ilidio Carlos Medina dos Santos had just read in his newspaper that a new drug, Varidase, might be just the thing for tuberculous meningitis. He wanted some, fast, for his little daughter Branca Maria.

Branca Maria, 9, had been ill of tuberculous meningitis since April. At first, streptomycin seemed to help her, but lately even this had begun to fail her and she was wasting away rapidly, unable to keep food down. Her father knew nothing of the controversy among medical experts about the value of Varidase, a mixture of two enzymes, streptokinase and streptodornase (TIME, March 12), in her type of illness. He was ready to try anything.

In New York, Operator von Rekowsky

(a lithographer when he is not at his set) got busy. A wholesale drug supplier furnished a single vial of Varidase; it was hustled to Idlewild airport. Within six hours of the message from Oporto, the vial was on its way to London on an Israeli airlines plane; within a few more hours, a BOAC airliner set it down in Lisbon. Father Santos was waiting, hurried home with the vial in a Portuguese military plane.

An Oporto doctor gave Branca Maria an injection of Varidase, and waited to see what would happen. (The theory is that the enzymes help to dissolve clotted pus, enable an antibiotic such as streptomycin to go to work on the germs without interference.) Within 45 minutes, Branca Maria took some food and kept it down. It was too early for the doctor to tell whether the usually fatal disease was being arrested. But Santos flew back to Lisbon, picked up a dozen more vials of Varidase to keep up the treatments. Said he: "God bless radio and aviation. Whatever happens, this has shown that there is still a love of humanity in our world."

How Are Your Pulsations?

The "brain-wave machine" (electroencephalograph, to doctors) is now used mainly after people get seriously ill and doctors have to find out what's wrong. Two Cleveland neurologists report that the machine can do better than that: it can spot some kinds of crackups before outward physical signs occur (by noting abnormal patterns of brain-wave pulsation). Their recommendation: use the machine widely on railroad engineers, airplane pilots and bus drivers, and on business executives responsible for "vast undertakings."

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*Reader's Digest
January, 1950



**VICEROYS COST ONLY A PENNY MORE
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Face Lifting in Brooklyn

The lady in the picture had good looks and a title: *Lady Georgiana Gordon*. Moreover, she was by the respected hand of 18th Century British Portraitist John Hoppner. But she was in poor condition, her complexion sallowed by a thick coat of yellow varnish. When the Brooklyn Museum got her as a gift in 1934, officials dismissed *Lady Georgiana* as an inferior Hoppner, sent her to the basement. Recently, Brooklyn assigned Restorer Sheldon Keck to give her a thorough face lifting.

Keck gave the portrait a good going-over with a magnifying glass, then with X-ray photographs. Sure enough, under the pretty features lay another shadowy face. For three months, Keck worked painstakingly with a solvent mixture, cotton swabs and a delicate scalpel, removed the varnish and the top layer of paint. As he worked, a totally different young lady appeared. Writes Keck in the current museum *Bulletin*: "The mouth was wider and less luscious; the nose was longer and definitely hooked. . . the eyes were smaller and not so soft and liquid. The entire shape of the face was subtly different and more mouselike, receding especially at the chin."

Who had given the mousy lady her later look? Most probably, says Keck, some unknown craftsman of 50 years ago or so who wanted to pretty her up for prospective buyers. In reworking the face, the painter might even have tried for a faithful likeness of Lady Georgiana Gordon: the top picture bore some resemblance to a contemporary drawing of her. But who was the restored lady? Brooklyn hasn't solved that problem yet.

Stripped of her glamour and pedigree,



THE BROOKLYN MUSEUM
HOPPNER'S "LADY" (BEFORE)
Out of the basement . . .



SANCTUARY OF OCOTLÁN
An exuberant language.

however, the plain-faced miss struck museum officials as an all-round better piece of art. Last week she was upstairs, entitled simply *A Lady*.

George Washington also turned up in the art news again—this time as a rather fox-faced gentleman in a braided blue jacket. A picture portraying him in such fashion, long mistitled *A Naval Officer*, now hangs in Sulgrave Manor, ancestral Northamptonshire home of the Washington family.

Scottish Artist Archibald Robertson painted it in 1792, on commission from Washington's distant kinsman, the eleventh Earl of Buchan. The earl's fancy: to have a picture of his revolutionary relation as first President of the U.S. Supposedly mislaid, the picture was found hanging in the hall of the 15th earl in 1939, identified as Robertson's Washington. Last May, the earl sent it off to Sulgrave Manor (since 1914 a Washington shrine). Not especially publicity conscious, Sulgrave Manor just got around to announcing the acquisition last week.

New World Baroque

The craftsmen of the baroque preferred a curve to a straight line and a contorted curve to a plain one. When the Spaniards brought baroque to the New World, it blossomed in fresh and wonderful variations. Pál Kelemen, Hungarian-born art historian, has spent nearly three years tracing baroque's high-spirited course through Latin America. In a handsome new book with a sky-high price, *Baroque and Rococo in Latin America* (Macmillan; \$16.50), he gives a rich account in words and pictures of what he saw.

Over & over, Kelemen found "a style more baroque in its daring than the ba-

roque of Europe." The New World innovators: mainly Indians under the supervision of Spanish architects and churchmen. Working just for their keep, or less, the Indians adopted baroque as "their own exuberant language," brought to their craft a religious enthusiasm such as European builders had not had since the Middle Ages.

By the early 17th Century, the Americas sparked with 70,000 churches. As the baroque influence increased, façades and portals were encrusted with a rich mixture of Christian and pagan symbols: angels topped by feathered headdresses; decorative borders of puma heads, papayas, pineapples and bananas; mermaids playing native guitars side by side with powerful primitive versions of the saints.

Native craftsmen also lavished loving skill on the churches' ornate, polychromed interiors, hewing their sculptures from native woods and stone or molding them from a paste made of corn. The ceiling of a chapel in the sanctuary of Ocotlán, one of the most beautiful in Latin America, took 20 years to decorate. Mexico City's magnificent cathedral, long the largest in the Western Hemisphere,* took more than two centuries to finish.

For all their splendor, many of the buildings and details that caught Kelemen's eye were in a crumbling state. Even in a few years' time, "the volcano of Parícutin in Mexico . . . floods in Guatemala, seismic catastrophes in El Salvador and Ecuador, civil strife in Colombia and an earthquake in Cuzco have all taken a tragic toll." Worst of all, according to Kelemen: civil authorities who are letting local masterpieces deteriorate through neglect—or are tearing them down to make way for widened streets and modern buildings.

* The largest now: the Cathedral of St. John the Divine (Episcopal) in Manhattan.



THE BROOKLYN MUSEUM
HOPPNER'S "LADY" (AFTER)
. . . to new acclaim.



By Egon Moeller-Nielsen

EDUCATIONAL EGG

Climbing, exploring, hiding and sliding are natural delights of small fry. City life restricts these delights; Egon Moeller-Nielsen's colorful play-sculptures encourage them. The bearded Dane (standing beside his latest "Easter Egg," above) believes that they are educational, too. An art form that can actually be explored in the course of everyday living is bound to encourage appreciation of other art forms. Kids who begin with play-sculpture may even grow up to eye the abstractions of a Henry Moore or Constantin Brancusi in the same exploratory spirit.

Moeller-Nielsen got the idea for his first "Egg" after watching his four-year-old daughter Mona climbing around on some of his sculptures-in-progress. Instead of barring her from the

studio, he carved a plaster abstraction especially for her. It was rich in holes, hollows, bumps, slides and secret places, and he kept tinkering with it until she pronounced it satisfactory.

Other kids in the neighborhood flocked to use the new toy, which was designed for small children only—those much over ten could not squeeze inside. Those lucky enough to be little enough found it "excitingly dark inside" and "just like treasure hunting." Before long, park commissioners got the word. Today Stockholm parks have two of the sculptures. Copenhagen has just ordered one, and Paris another. What pleases Moeller-Nielsen most is that they please the kids. "The demand for authenticity," he adds, "is particularly noticeable in children."

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*By appointment Scotch Whisky
Distillers to H.M. King George VI*



RADIO & TV

Watch Liberty Grow

"We have never sought national publicity," said President Gordon McLendon of the Liberty Broadcasting System, "because we wanted to gain as much strength as possible before other networks found out what was happening to them. But now we're ready." One of the main reasons why McLendon's Texas-born Liberty network was ready last week was a visit he paid to Houston's oil-rich Hugh Roy Cullen. The \$1,000,000 Cullen agreed to invest in Liberty was enough to make him a partner in a network that has become



LIBERTY'S MCLENDON
Ready, willing and well-financed.

the nation's second biggest in number of stations.*

Liberty started three years ago by offering major-league baseball broadcasts to the backwoods (TIME, Sept. 4). Last year it expanded from a six- to a 16-hour-a-day network, added music, comedy and drama to its staple of news and sports. Now has 431 affiliates in 43 states, Hawaii and Alaska, and is outranked only by Mutual's 545. McLendon, who still announces an occasional major-league game from Dallas with the help of play-by-play descriptions wired in from Manhattan (though by now most of the games come in live), is full of plans for how to use his new money to keep Liberty growing.

Next month he will sign up a Manhattan outlet, and one in Japan. With his New York station, McLendon will be able to offer sponsors nationwide coverage. And by next summer, brash young Gordon McLendon, 30, confidently expects to have the biggest network in the business.

* Though still far behind the leaders in income, talent, programming.



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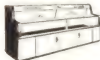
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TIME



Tastes in Television

What do U.S. audiences really think of the big names of television? After interviewing 400 families, Chicago's Social Research, Inc. this week published its findings, embellished by some marginal notes of its own. Items:

Milton Berle is "acknowledged to be the king of TV entertainers, but he is not universally liked by his subjects," many of whom think him "an extreme egotist" and "rude." His humor "does tend to emphasize physical action," and "the viewer feels uncomfortable when Berle is obnoxious and gets applause for it . . . In summary, Berle violates a major value of American society—that of self-control."

Ken Murray relies on a single, tried & true formula. "In contrast to the changing orientations of most variety shows, the major theme of the show is [sex]. Emphasis is placed on the glamor of the girls. Ken Murray makes cracks with sexy overtones . . . The audience has no strongly formed loyalty to him as a personality—in contrast to Sid Caesar, Jimmy Durante, and some others—but likes him as a relaxed and amusing guy . . . The sexual-musical combination is appealing, perhaps especially so on Saturday night, the universal 'dating' time . . ."

Arthur Godfrey is a favorite of "the Middle Majority woman* [who] will seldom admit publicly or individually that she enjoys any form of 'crudity,' and will say that Godfrey's wit isn't up to her moral standards. . . . In the morning, with no one in her home to be shocked, she can wholeheartedly join in on the studio laughter and fun. At night, with the husband and children around, she isn't so free but she still enjoys it."

Ted Mack (*The Original Amateur Hour*): "In contrast to Milton Berle, Arthur Godfrey, and Bert Parks . . . he is an eminently serious person who communicates to the audience a feeling of the importance, usefulness and rightness of his program. Respondents' references to him are quite reminiscent of the things they might say of an ideal arbiter, coach, Scout leader or father."

Many viewers, the survey concludes, are a little ashamed of their taste in entertainment. They are "proud to appreciate entertainment that has a 'seal of approval' from people with prestige—a pride that is probably a bit elevated because it is frequently pointed out to them that they spend more time watching TV than is quite respectable."

New Shows

The Patricia Bowman Show (Sat., 6:45 p.m., CBS-TV), is a fast-paced series of song & dance turns, mercifully free from television's usual determined chatter. Ballerina Bowman, who dances to such popular tunes as *Over the Rainbow*, is usually left too breathless by her own performance to do much more as M.C. than announce the name of the next act, e.g., a smooth vocal quartet called The



King Berle—Lies

KING BERLE

His subjects were displeased.

Pastels. The closing commercial was as original as anything on the show: a woman's restless legs were propped against a wall while her voice described over the telephone the new Coach & Four shoes she was wearing.

Star of the Family (Sun., 6:30 p.m., CBS-TV), which appeared last year with Morton Downey as M.C., now has a husband and wife team in charge: Peter Lind Hayes, genteel mugger and nightclub comic, and pretty Mary Healy, singing comedienne with a pleasant willingness to let others have their say. Under their easygoing coaxing, relatives of famous entertainers (Mimi Benzell, Mel Tormé) discuss the star of the family, who then obliges with a brief performance.



COMICS HEALY & HAYES
Their guests have their say.

* Translation: the average housewife.

Baseball in Color

For its first color telecast of a baseball game, CBS unloaded its cameras last week at Ebbets Field. After watching the game (Dodgers, 8; Braves, 1) over a color receiver at CBS' Manhattan headquarters, *Herald Tribune* Sport Columnist Red Smith reported:

"The reproduction was excellent, striking and only faintly phony. The Dodgers and Boston Braves all came out as spectacularly beautiful critters, except for [Dodger Catcher] Roy Campanella, who had neglected to shave. The athletes looked only a wee bit too athletic, being endowed with magnificently bronzed complexions glowing with not quite believable health." Noting Sportscaster Red Barber's comment on First Baseman Hodges' rippling muscles, Critic Smith added: "You could see 'em, too, although they were encased in a pelt of somewhat lovelier tone—about the shade of roast beef medium—than Gil wears in real life."

Technically, Smith felt there were a few flaws. "There was some slight running of colors. When [Dodger Manager] Charley Dressen . . . stood on the bare base path . . . his white uniform was immaculate as a prom queen's gown. But the camera followed him as he returned to the coach's box beside third, and against this background of turf he turned green, like cheap jewelry. Light blues ran a good deal too . . . when the camera swept the shirt-sleeved crowd one had the impression that all the customers had been laundered together with too much bluing in the water . . . If you watched intently while a batsman swung in a close-up, you saw a regular rainbow of bats of varying colors. For a fraction of an instant, the moving bat became a big Japanese fan."

"Altogether, though," Smith decided, "the colors were about as good as in Technicolor, and the view of the game was as fine as it can be through a camera, which can show only part of the action on any play."

Program Preview

For the week starting Friday, Aug. 17. All times are E.D.T., subject to change.

RADIO

Inside Bob and Ray (Sat. 9:30 p.m., NBC). Two new mimics, satirizing the foibles of radio.

The Lonesome Road (Mon. 8:45 p.m., ABC). A new documentary series on alcoholism.

Light Heavyweight Championship Fight (Wed. 10 p.m., CBS radio and TV). Joe Maxim v. Bob Murphy.

TELEVISION

Tales of Tomorrow (Fri. 9:30 p.m., ABC). Walter Abel in *A Child Is Crying*, one of a mystery series with science-fiction overtones.

Zoo Parade (Sun. 4:30 p.m., NBC). From Chicago's Lincoln Park Zoo.

Pantomime Quiz (Mon. 8 p.m., CBS). "The Game," with Adele Jergens, Vincent Price, Peggy Dow, Jackie Coogan.

TIME, AUGUST 20, 1951

HOW TOUGH CAN A RUBBER HOSE BE?

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at American Cyanamid Co.'s
Calco Chemical Division
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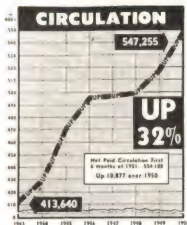
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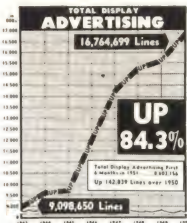
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MUSIC

Longhair for All

Chamber music used to be strictly high-brow country; nowadays it is close to becoming a U.S. fad. One of the best examples of the current trend: the steadily increasing popularity of the Budapest String Quartet.

On its first U.S. tour, in 1931, the Budapest could find no audiences west of Chicago, returned disappointed to Europe and divided up an unrewarding \$5,000 net. Today, the members of the quartet (Violinists Joseph Roisman and Jell Gorodetsky, Violist Boris Kroyt, Cellist Mischa Schneider) are all naturalized U.S. citizens. With recording dates and more than 100 U.S. recitals a year, they hardly have time for a European vacation.

In a typical program last week, the Budapest played Mozart, Brahms and Debussy for 3,300 fans in Chicago's North Shore Ravinia Park. The audience had its share of highbrows, but scattered on the lawn near the stage were hundreds of seriously attentive youngsters. Other quartets, e.g., the Paganini, Pro Arte, Griller and Juilliard, fiddle for equally enthusiastic audiences from Fond du Lac to Fort Worth.

The Budapest got its first big boost during the war, when its Sunday-morning concerts from the Library of Congress were broadcast over a national hookup. The broadcasts led to more recital dates—and a big demand for records. The Budapest had made recordings in Europe. "But, my goodness," says Cellist Schneider, "the United States! It sells three or four times as many recordings as the whole world combined." Long-playing records ("just perfect for chamber music") have quadrupled the sale of the Budapest's music.

Increasingly, chamber music pays. For

a concert performance, the Budapest gets at least \$800. Annual earnings: about \$25,000 a man (to which record royalties contribute about \$5,000 apiece). Audiences still thrive on the standard 17th and 18th Century repertory, but the quartet has found some listeners eager for modern cacophonies and "deeper stuff," adds a smattering here & there of late Beethoven, Bartok and Schoenberg. Four U.S. composers whose music has been added to the repertory this year: Lukas Foss, Quincy Porter, Walter Piston and Samuel Barber.

Television? Not yet, says Spokesman Schneider. "Why would people want to sit in the living room and see only four men sitting on chairs pulling bows? But gradually TV will take the place of radio. People will not want to be without chamber music. It is sure to come."

How the Money Rolls In

Mitch Miller, director of pop music for Columbia Records, got a telephone call last week that made him pull his beard. Musical bootleggers, said his tipster, were copying Rosemary Clooney's (and Columbia's) fast-selling disk *Come on a My House*, then peddling it cut rate to distributors under phony Columbia labels.

Miller made a couple of calls of his own, put detectives on the case. Such bootlegging could cost Columbia thousands of dollars a week—and in the fairly short time that 40-year-old Mitchell William Miller has been working for the company, he has brilliantly specialized in making the money roll in, not letting it slip away. In just 18 months, his guesses and general savvy have upped Columbia's pop record sales more than 60%, pushed Columbia's label high on bestseller lists. Last week's *Variety* rating: of the top ten recordings listed, five were Columbia's.



BUDAPEST QUARTET: ROISMAN, GORODETSKY, KROYT & SCHNEIDER
The highbrows have company.

Archie Lieberman



Dennis Stock

MITCH MILLER
He likes pillow beaters.

Six Bagpipes. Miller picks the tunes, picks the singers to record them, sometimes even picks the albums to sheath the records. Latest pickings: offbeat instrumentations, e.g., harpsichord background for Clooney, French horns for Crooner Guy Mitchell. Says Miller: "You've got to work out a gimmick that'll get people's attention and hold it. You need that sense of communication." One senseless communication: a Dinah Shore vocal backed by six caterwauling bagpipes. Admits Miller: "It was a dog."

A Rochester boy, Mitch Miller took his time finding the right communication circuit. After the Eastman School of Music, he moved to Manhattan, landed a work-relief job as an oboist in a WPA orchestra. In 1935, he became a staff musician for CBS, played there for 13 years, touring at times with chamber music groups. He was a fine oboist, but playing to "blank faces" was discouraging ("No satisfaction, no feeling of communication").

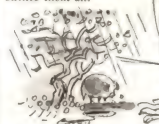
In 1948, to oblige a friend, he helped Mercury Records get a big backlog of pop songs recorded, found he liked the work. In a short time, as repertory boss for Mercury, he had Vic Damone and Frankie Laine turning out smash hits, topped 7,000,000 copies apiece with such numbers as *Cry of the Wild Goose*, *Mule Train*, and *Lucky Old Sun*. Then came the move to the bigger job at Columbia.

The Musical Ego. Into Miller's mid-Manhattan office three days a week troop 40 or 50 professionally bright-eyed song publishers, each with a few tunes for Miller's examination. If he likes a song, it's in; if not, he may edit or recommend. Next step for Miller: find the right singer to sing it. Says he: "Every singer has certain sounds he makes better than others. Frankie Laine is sweat and hard words—he's a guy beating the pillow, a purveyor of basic emotions. Guy Mitchell is better with happy-go-lucky songs; he's a virile

Tall Tale

Armed only with a Bible and protected from the elements by a kettle worn upside down, Johnny Appleseed wandered unharmed among the dispossessed Indians, planting applesseeds in the wilderness.

He made it his mission to bring apple sauce and apple butter, apple pie and apple cider; to bring health and happiness, as he knew them, to pioneer families from the Monongahela to the River Platte. A frail, homespun saint among American giants, Johnny Applesseed may outlive them all.



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young singer, gives people a vicarious lift. Clooney is a barrel-house dame, a hillbilly at heart."

Outside Columbia's soundproofed walls, Miller is as far removed from pop music as he is from RCA Victor's Christmas list. He foregoes nightclubbing and dancing, avoids any non-business connection whatsoever with pop songs. Says he: "I wouldn't buy that stuff for myself. There's no real artistic satisfaction in this job. I satisfy my musical ego elsewhere."

"Elsewhere" means occasional oboe performances with chamber orchestras, dates with the Budapest (see above) or Paganini quartets, rare chamber music soirees at friends' apartments in Manhattan.

Miller occasionally faces sharp criticism from serious musicians. When the pressure of the pop business made him pass up a chance to play with Cellist Pablo Casals at the Prades Festival, Miller's friend, Violinist Alexander Schneider rebuked him, called him a traitor to good music. Miller took it with a mild objection: "Why, I'm playing oboe better now than ever before."

But there's one thing Mitch Miller knows "for sure": telling Columbia's pops provides a greater sense of communication than anything a man can do with an oboe.

New Records

With an eye fixed hopefully on collectors, Columbia Records is pressing a series in which composers perform their own works. Stars of the first releases in *Meet the Composer*: Igor Stravinsky and Francis Poulenc.

Stravinsky conducts the New York Philharmonic-Symphony in *Fireworks*, *Ode*, *Norwegian Moods* and *Circus Polka*, plays piano for Violinist Joseph Szigeti in *Russian Maiden's Song*, leads the Woody Herman Orchestra in *Ebony Concerto*. With the exception of *Fireworks*, Composer Stravinsky is represented by inconsequential pieces, but the disk (2 sides LP) will be a valuable, though perhaps dusty, collector's item. Recording: fair.

Poulenc's sophisticated pianism is evident in *Mouvements Perpétuels*, *Nocturne in D Major* and *Suite Française* (1 side LP). No dust will gather here; both music and performance sparkle brightly.

Other new releases:

Prokofiev: Suite from The Love for Three Oranges (French National Symphony Orchestra, Roger Désormière conducting; Capitol, 1 side LP). The six-part instrumental version of Prokofiev's splendid-nonsense opera is bouncy and engaging. Performance and recording: good.

Bartok: Deux Images for Orchestra (New Symphony Orchestra, Tibor Serly conducting; Bartok Records, 2 sides LP). Early Bartok, with a touch of Debussy and a full share of Bartok's own masterful orchestral technique. Performance and recording: excellent.

Brahms: Sonata No. 3 in D Minor, Op. 108 (Jascha Heifetz, violin; William Kapell, piano; Victor, 2 sides LP). Two fine talents give a touching and exciting performance of a late (1888) work. Recording: good.

Handel-Schoenberg: Concerto for

String Quartet and Orchestra (Janssen Symphony Orchestra of Los Angeles, Werner Janssen conducting; Columbia, 1 side LP). A somewhat colorless *concerto grosso* (Op. 6, No. 7) is brought to surprising life. Schoenberg expanded and enriched it with some sonorities Handel never dreamed of, but retained enough Handel to pacify any startled classicists. Performance and recording: good.

Debussy: Trois Chansons de Bilitis; Ravel: Chansons Madécasses (Jennie Tourel, mezzo-soprano; Columbia, 2 sides LP). An accomplished artist gives a six-song lesson in how to sing French. Debussy's love songs are poignant; Ravel's are sensual. Recording: excellent.

Tchaikovsky: Symphony No. 5 in E Minor (Philadelphia Orchestra, Eugene Ormandy conducting; Columbia, 2 sides LP). Thanks to the *Moon Love* theme, this symphony is practically a pop favorite by now. Ormandy & Co. show there is much substance to the rest of the work as well. Recording: good.

MILESTONES

Died, Herbert ("The Cat") Noble, 42, much publicized Texas gambler; in a landmine explosion near his mailbox; in Dallas (see NATIONAL AFFAIRS).

Died, Harry Hervey, 50, explorer, author (*The Damned Don't Cry, The Veiled Fountain*) and screen writer (*Shanghai Express, Road to Singapore*), who, at 16, sold his first story to H. L. Mencken's *Smart Set*, produced a popular novel every year between 1923 and 1933; of cancer; in Manhattan.

Died, Stephen T. (for Tyree) Early, 61, White House press secretary for Franklin Roosevelt and Harry Truman, later vice president of Pullman Inc.; of a heart attack; in Washington, D.C. A onetime Associated Press reporter, he first met Roosevelt while covering the Navy Department before World War I, became his advance man when F.D.R. campaigned unsuccessfully for the vice-presidency in 1920. In 1932, 24 hours after he was elected to the White House, Roosevelt telephoned to his old friend, asked him to take the job of press secretary, which Early accepted on a two-year basis, held for 13, becoming one of the early New Deal's most influential behind-the-scenes advisers. After Roosevelt's death (which Early announced to Mrs. Roosevelt), he stayed on for three months with Harry Truman, then resigned to take his \$25,000-a-year Pullman job, appeared only twice again on the public scene: once on a two-month fill-in at his old White House job, once as Under Secretary to his old friend, Defense Secretary Louis Johnson.

Died, Ella Reeve Ware Cohen Oholt ("Mother Bloor"), 88, patron saint of the U.S. Communist Party; of a cerebral hemorrhage; in Richlandtown, Pa. (see NATIONAL AFFAIRS).

TIME, AUGUST 20, 1957



Here's the NET OF IT!



"A HAUL LIKE THAT MAKES YOU FEEL GOOD, WHITEY!"

"YES, BLACKIE, AND IT WILL BE PROPERLY CELEBRATED, TOO, WITH BLACK & WHITE - THE SCOTCH WHOSE QUALITY AND CHARACTER NEVER CHANGE!"

"BLACK & WHITE"

The Scotch with Character

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10 billion gallons OF CRITICAL MATERIAL!

EVERY DAY American industry uses about 10 billion gallons of water. No plant could operate for long without it.

But there's a lot of difference between one gallon of this critical material and another. Many waters contain hardness, iron and other impurities that cause boiler scale, corrosion and other operating problems. The same water, properly treated, can speed up production, lower costs and raise product quality.

Good water means equally great benefits for America's homes. Find out now about Permutit's full line of water conditioning equipment and ion exchangers. Write to the Permutit Company, Dept. T-8, 330 West 42nd St., New York 18, N. Y., or to Permutit Company of Canada, Ltd., 6975 Jeanne Mance St., Montreal.

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WATER CONDITIONING HEADQUARTERS FOR OVER 38 YEARS

Record Flight

As the bomber flies it is 205 miles from Fort Worth to Barksdale Field in Shreveport, La. Last week the Air Force announced that one of its RB-45s (North American's four-jet light bomber, which ordinarily has a top speed of about 550 m.p.h.) had covered the distance in a cool 13 min. 50 sec. Captain John J. Mackey had accidentally picked up a lift from the jet airstream, the high-velocity wind that zigzags unpredictably through the substratospheric sky (TIME, Oct. 16). His average speed for the flight: 386 m.p.h., a figure which the Air Force modestly admitted was probably a record—at least for that type of plane.

The Practical Astronomers

Much of astronomy is an abstract science, as remote from life as the farthest star. But astronomers can sometimes be as practical as bricklayers. Last week, under programs sponsored by the Navy and the Air Force, the practical astronomers were busy building two giant coronagraphs—telescopes that can make their own solar eclipse (TIME, Nov. 18, 1946). With their new gadgets, the stargazers will use the sun as a vast atomic laboratory. Shielded from the blinding light of the sun itself, they will be able to study the fireworks that sparkle continuously in the thin atmosphere around the sun's outer edges.

Cameras will record the movements of the ghostly corona. And by watching the waving filaments weave their patterns in space, astronomers hope to learn how to forecast the sun-caused atmospheric disturbances that can cripple the world's communication systems and block the best radar instruments.

In their solar laboratory, astrophysicists will watch the turbulent prominences that erupt from the sun's surface to stream out in high, graceful arcs. Moving at speeds up to 500 miles a second, the glowing gas may give clues to some of the problems of rocket research and supersonic flight.

In the past, scientists could observe these lively goings-on for only two or three minutes a year, when the sun was in total eclipse. Not until 1930, when French Astronomer Bernard Lyot built the first coronagraph, did anyone succeed in imitating the natural event. Astronomer Lyot put a small brass disk between the lenses of a simple telescope, cutting off direct sunlight and permitting him to focus the dim radiance of the corona and solar prominences upon a sheet of photographic film. It was a simple enough trick, but one that could not be carried off without superlens lenses, free of any imperfections and kept scrupulously clean. Even the scattered light from a few grains of dust would have ruined the pictures.

Almost ten times as powerful as any of their predecessors, the new American eyes will be installed in high-altitude observatories at Climax, Colo. and on Sacramento Peak near High Rolls, N. Mex. Their cam-

Tick-Tock...Tick-Tock... QUIETLY AGED TO PERFECTION!



SUPPOSE we don't try to put in words what happens with your first taste of this great whiskey. Instead, do this... Imagine you have started with the basically finest whiskey ever made in old Kentucky... Then you have waited for 6 full, round years to ripen it slowly, perfectly... Then take from your memory the finest-tasting whiskey you have ever known and imagine one still silkier, still mellower, still smoother. Do all these things... and then taste Old Charter!

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STRAIGHT BOURBON

6 YEARS OLD



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The new look of power

Tall chimneys pouring smoke into the skies, once the traditional symbol of industry, have given way to far more practical stubby stacks that blend gracefully into the smooth-flowing design of modern power plants.

The new look of power reflects the orderly, streamlined efficiency within, where recent developments have combined to get steam pressures and temperatures *up* and costs *down* despite the fact that fuel and operating costs are at an all-time high.

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eras will soon be tracing the progress of the sun across the southwestern U.S., helping practical astronomers to study the origin of cosmic rays, to work out new methods of long-range weather prediction, perhaps to uncover atomic secrets from the sun's hot heart.

Too Small & Too Slow

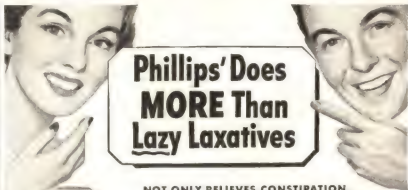
In Edinburgh for its 113th annual meeting, the British Association for the Advancement of Science heard some frank and challenging criticism of British science and technology. The speaker: the association's president, H.R.H. Prince Philip, Duke of Edinburgh,* until a month ago skipper of H.M.S. *Maggie* in the Mediterranean. It was aboard his little frigate that Philip, working on navy signal pads, scrawled out the first draft of his speech.

After paying his respects to British science over the past 100 years, he turned to the other side of the record. "From 1870 to 1890, the high-water mark of British industrial expansion . . . had been reached, and the competition of the United States and Europe was just beginning to be felt. But the lack of serious competition hitherto had bred a feeling of overconfidence and satisfaction . . . The result was a conservative attitude towards technical change and, particularly in the older industries, neglect of scientific research . . . It is significant that the history of production engineering after 1890 is almost entirely confined to the United States."

During two world wars, British science and British industry grew closer together again under the impetus of military necessity. But even now, "the rate at which scientific knowledge is being applied in many industries is too small and too slow . . . The natural conservatism of laymen has acted as a powerful brake to the adoption of new ideas . . . [There is] lack of a coordinated system of scientific and technological education in this country . . . The buying up and suppression of patents and discoveries to protect equipment from becoming obsolete has also been known to happen . . . It is a sad reflection that the urgent demands of modern war can produce advances that might otherwise take many years to develop, especially in the costly and uncertain experimental stages."

Concluded Philip: "Science has stood beside the authors of progress to advise, to help, and sometimes to guide . . . We have evolved a civilization based on the material benefits which science and technology can provide. The nation's wealth and prosperity are governed by the rapid application of science to its industries and commerce . . . [Scientific knowledge] has reached a point where we can set the world free . . . or obliterate life itself . . . It is clearly our duty as citizens to see that science is used for the benefit of mankind. For, of what use is science if man does not survive?"

* Like many another British institution, the B.A.A.S., likes to honor itself by honoring royalty. Other members of the royal family who have presided: Prince Philip's great-great-grandfather Prince Consort Albert (1850), the Duke of Windsor, then Prince of Wales (1926).



Phillips' Does MORE Than Lazy Laxatives

NOT ONLY RELIEVES CONSTIPATION, BUT ACCOMPANYING ACID INDIGESTION, TOO!

Three tablespoonfuls for constipation and accompanying acid indigestion! You get more complete relief when you're troubled by irregularity, if you take Phillips'. The reason for this is that Phillips' Milk of Magnesia does more than lazy laxatives which just relieve constipation. Phillips' also relieves the acid indigestion which frequently accompanies constipation!

One tablespoonful for stomach upset alone! Phillips' contains one of the fastest, most effective neutralizers of excess stomach acids known. Brings amazingly fast relief from upset stomach, gas, heartburn and other distressing symptoms of acid indigestion.

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PHILLIPS' TABLETS IN \$1.00, 50c AND 25c SIZES

PHILLIPS' MILK OF MAGNESIA

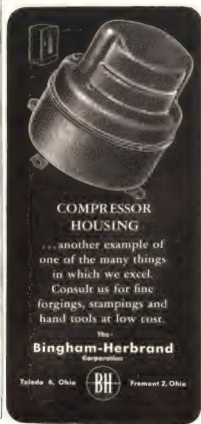


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The Tycoon Is Dead

... and FORTUNE, having written his history as part of the American business story, now leaves him respectfully in the museum of its back issues with the epitaph, "The Present was as far as he could go."

He was the product of his times — and he served them well. In an era of raw materials and people, he organized and built, guided by few rules save his own morality. He was an individual; and for the good that he did, look around you.

Today, his place has been taken, not by one but by many kinds of businessmen — just as brilliant, just as competitive — but moved by a philosophy and schooled in subjects the Tycoon never knew.

The mid-century businessman has had to go to school—in labor, in politics, in social welfare. The engineer's a businessman, the salesman's an economist; the research man knows advertising, the finance man knows law.

Today's businessman brings a new professional responsibility to his day-to-day problems. And because he measures himself more in what he does than in what he owns, industry, itself, has achieved a greater stature in the life and progress of the country.

All magazines have a particular editorial field, but the businessman's place in the world today has cast FORTUNE in a central and newly important role:

To be the magazine of the progressive man...to report for him the productive forces that must be organized for nothing less than the survival of free institutions...to assist in interests and responsibilities that are not only corporate but national and global.

Reporting, analyzing, and frequently drawing conclusions, FORTUNE is an active participant in its readers' affairs — their preparation for the news that occurs tomorrow, next week, next month. Its ambition is best described in a recent tribute: "An example of what journalism can be when informed by wisdom and lit by hope."

If FORTUNE succeeds in this, it will be in accord with the contemporary spirit of Industry itself.

FORTUNE



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Naturally, you want a truck that's engineered to haul your loads under your operating conditions . . . save you money . . . last longer.

A Dodge "Job-Rated" truck is that kind of truck! Dodge builds G.V.W. chassis models to meet 98% of all hauling needs. You can be sure there is one "Job-Rated" truck to fit your job.

Every unit is "Job-Rated"—factory-engineered to haul a specific load under specific operating conditions.

The right units to support the load



Load-supporting units—such as frames, axles, springs, wheels, and tires—are engineered and built right to provide the strength and capacity needed.

The right units to move the load



Load-moving units—such as engines, clutches and transmissions, as well as types of rear axles, and axle ratios—are engineered to provide ample power to move the load under specific operating conditions . . . and do it quickly, dependably, and at low cost.

Get a **DODGE** "Job-Rated" TRUCK

See your nearby Dodge dealer—let him show you the only trucks with *gyrol* Fluid Drive (available on $\frac{1}{2}$ -, $\frac{3}{4}$ -, and 1-ton models). Call him and ask how you can get a Dodge truck that's a "Job-Rated" to perform better on your job.

ONLY DODGE BUILDS "Job-Rated" TRUCKS

BUSINESS & FINANCE

GOVERNMENT

Lesson

When the price of cotton soared as high as 46¢ a lb. last January, its peak since the Civil War, U.S. cotton growers were all free-enterprisers to a man. Government interference in the cotton market was the last thing in the world they wanted to hear about. Price Boss Mike Di Salle's insistence on a 45.77¢-a-lb. ceiling, they said, would "upset the delicate mechanism of the market."

But the ceiling was nevertheless set, and the price looked good enough to cotton men for them to rush out and plant the biggest crop in 15 years. Last week, when the Agriculture Department announced that the 1951-52 crop will total 17,200,000 bales, a whopping 1,200,000 bales above all previous expectations, cotton men were singing a different tune. Now that the glut has pushed the price down to 35¢ a lb., they want the Government to step in. Six months ago, they opposed a ceiling; now they want a higher floor. At present, under the price-support formula, they can get Government loans which assure them a minimum of 31.71¢ a lb., but many want the formula revised to boost the loan level to 40¢.

CMP for Civilian Goods

Over the cheers of some businessmen and the jeers of others, Defense Production Administrator Manly Fleischmann last week announced that all of U.S. industry will be subject to the Controlled Materials Plan. Beginning Oct. 1, said he, producers of civilian goods as well as arms producers will have to get their steel, copper and aluminum through Government allotment.

In its first few weeks of operation, CMP had only applied to manufacturers directly engaged in the defense programs and to the so-called defense-supporting industries, e.g., freight-car building. Makers of such civilian goods as refrigerators and autos had been left to scramble for themselves. By putting the civilian producers under CMP, Fleischmann hoped to assure them a fair share.

Many businessmen, particularly small ones who had got crowded out in the scramble, welcomed CMP's extension. At best, they thought it might get them more supplies, at worst create no greater confusion than now exists. Others, who had seen CMP disrupt their long-standing relationships with suppliers, feared that the move would pinch them still more. "CMP is an impossible and ill-starred undertaking," said Ford Vice President Irving A. Duffy. "Who can judge how much steel should be allocated for manufacturing hairpins, bobby pins, ash cans and thousands of other civilian items? Who can possibly possess the Solomon-like judgment to allocate materials fairly?"

DPA Administrator Fleischmann, who had predicted confusion in the first stages



AMERICAN'S C. R. SMITH
The air was full of 50c a seat.

of CMP, was more optimistic. After a few months, said he, things would settle down and DPA would have the staff to crack down on manufacturers who are now adding to the confusion by wanton over-ordering. To the suggestion advanced by Bethlehem Steel's Chairman Eugene Grace and others (TIME, Aug. 6) that CMP should be limited to direct defense production, Fleischmann had a quick answer: "Without CMP you will get lots of refrigerators, cars and so forth, but no tools. Direct military purchases are the smallest part of the mobilization program."

But the unanswered question is whether, in a competitive economy, the Government has any business allocating for civilian industry. If businessmen had been left to fight it out among themselves, they undoubtedly could have nosed out their supplies a lot quicker than they will be able to do by Government order. Now, if supplies get any worse, businessmen who have been screaming at each other will simply do their screaming at the Government.

THE TOP TEN

Top U.S. airline figures for 1951's first five months:

	Net Operating Income	% Increase over 1950
American	\$12,814,000	570
Eastern	9,830,000	90
United	7,854,000	—
National	3,529,000	155
T.W.A. (domestic)	2,906,000	—
Delta	2,266,000	130
Brant	1,220,000	500
Western	829,000	260
Capital	786,000	200
Chicago & Southern	372,000	410

* Because of deficits in the 1950 period.

AVIATION

Big Year for Airlines

For U.S. airlines last week the air was full of flying saucers—all of them shaped like silver dollars. Never before had the industry seen such a prosperous year. In the first five months of 1951, the 15 biggest carriers reeled up an operating net income of \$42 million v. \$4,100,000 in the same 1950 period—a vertical climb of 924%.

American Airlines' President C. R. Smith had a simple explanation: "More people are traveling greater distances, and they want to get there in a hurry." His line, the world's biggest carrier, turned in the biggest dollar gain of all (see box). Only Northwest and Colonial were still in the red. But Northwest had managed to slice last year's \$3,800,000 deficit by \$3,000,000; Colonial trimmed its loss from \$431,000 to \$40,000. And United turned its \$1,600,000 deficit into a \$7,800,000 net.

To the airline operators, the booming passenger traffic was a welcome payoff for their heavy postwar investment in bigger, faster planes, and their patient plugging of such promotional stunts as the Air Coach and the Family Fare Plan (wives & children travel half-fare on slack mid-week days). They had managed to raise their average load factor—the percentage of seats occupied—from 57% to 66.7%, reach the point where every additional traffic gain caused a bigger proportional rise in profits.

But last week the industry's Big Four—American, United, Eastern and T.W.A.—found an embarrassment in their riches. The Civil Aeronautics Board announced that it will reduce their air-mail pay from an average 63¢ a ton-mile to 45¢, will order them to refund some \$5,000,000 on air-mail overpayments dating back to 1947. The airlines were doing so well they raised not a single squawk. With the new 45¢ rate which CAB proposes as the actual cost-plus-reasonable-profit of carrying the mail, the Big Four will reach a historic milestone: for the first time, all were officially free of any Government subsidy.

INDUSTRY

Middleweight Champ

In the Nevada desert, during World War II, the U.S. spent \$140 million to build the world's biggest magnesium plant. Around it, the Government built a brand-new town, called Henderson. At war's end, the plant shut down; its vast shops were used as warehouses. But last week the U.S. was putting the big plant back to work again to uncork one of the tightest bottlenecks in jet aircraft production. Pittsburgh's Allegheny Ludlum Steel Corp. and Manhattan's National Lead Co. announced

* Figures compiled by Brooks Earning Indicator, Inc.



Letter to a Customer

He happened to be a lawyer . . . had just been given the job of planning an investment program for a widow—and promptly asked us to help.

Of course, being a customer, he was already familiar with our Research Division . . . knew that it devotes all its time to planning just such programs, supplying the information asked for in hundreds of letters each week—appraising portfolios without charge to anybody—whether a customer or not!

He thought Research would be glad to help—and it was!

The sum involved was fifty thousand dollars—but could just as well have been five thousand—or five hundred thousand!

The lady was a widow; so naturally the plan had to stress conservation of principal, continuity of income. Research picked eleven securities . . . gave good reasons for each selection . . . included recent prices, probable annual income—and sent what we thought was a satisfactory "letter to a customer".

If you'd like to see an actual sample of this Merrill Lynch service, why not get a report on your own situation? Just ask for an analysis of your own holdings . . . the available facts on any securities that might interest you . . . or sensible suggestions on how to invest any amount of surplus funds. There's no charge, no obligation. You can visit our office yourself, or write direct to—

Department S-46

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that their jointly owned Titanium Metals Corp., with a five-year, \$14,163,000 tax write-off from the Government, is converting the plant to mass production of titanium metal.

Violent Reaction. U.S. military production desperately needs titanium as a substitute for columbium, a rare metal which makes steel fit to stand the 1,600° hell-fire inside a jet-engine combustion chamber. Almost all the world's supply of columbium ore comes from primitive mines in Nigeria; the U.S. was able to get only 1,727,000 lbs. last year. Since world production of columbium cannot be stepped up for another three years, the U.S. has turned to titanium. Luckily, it is one of the most abundant minerals in the earth's crust, and the U.S. abounds in titanium-bearing ore. But turning it into metal is an immensely difficult process. It reacts so violently with oxygen that the ingots must be melted in a vacuum or under a blanket of inert gas.

The problem does not faze Allegheny Ludlum's Chairman Hiland G. Batcheller. As the world's biggest producer of stainless steel (210 million lbs. shipped last year), his company has long had its eye on titanium. When National Lead, the biggest U.S. supplier of titanium ore, suggested a partnership two years ago, Batcheller jumped at the chance. Their co-owned subsidiary, using Allegheny-Ludlum's mills, has already been processing small quantities of the metal. But total production—including that of E. I. du Pont de Nemours & Co.—this year will be only 500 tons. And the average price (\$21,000 a ton) is still stratospheric.

No Limit. With the big-scale facilities at Henderson, and plenty of power from nearby Hoover and Davis Dams, Batcheller believes that Titanium Metals can bring down the price and boost U.S. production to 4,100 tons by September 1952, more than eight times the present world output. The immediate goal is to get enough for jet-engine alloys. But Titanium Corp. has its eyes on a far bigger potential market for the metal. Titanium, because it is 56% lighter than alloy steel, and heavier but 300% stronger than aluminum, has been dubbed the "middleweight champ." As the price comes down and production techniques improve, they believe the new wonder metal will have an unlimited future.

MANAGEMENT

Trouble on Top

Heavy personal income taxes have loaded big corporations with a new problem: how to have & to hold able executives. So much tax is carved out of upper-bracket incomes that corporations find it almost impossible to give a top man a salary increase that will do him any good. The \$100,000-a-year man today keeps \$48,100 after taxes; figured in terms of 1939 dollars, his take-home pay is only \$26,070.*

* General Motors Corp. once boosted executives' pay with stock bonuses, changed the plan because executives had to sell the stock to pay the tax.



Associated Press
STEELMAN BATCHELLER
Abundance to the rescue.

He works part of every day and full time every other day for the Government. As a result, many men who have piled up pension or other benefits refuse to take bigger jobs with bigger companies.

Last year, the Revenue Act of 1950 offered a partial solution to the puzzle. It permitted corporations to give executives options to buy stock at bargain prices (usually at 85% to 95% of the market price). If the executive sold the stock after holding it at least six months, his profit would be taxed at the low capital-gains rate of 25%. This meant real income for anyone in the surtax bracket. In the past year, more than 100 corporations have adopted stock option plans.

But last week, the U.S. Government



Emil Reynolds
LAWYER DEAN
Incentives needed.

Mechanical Heart Offers New Hope in Cardiac Cases

Mallory Capacitor Dependability Contributes
to New Weapon Against Heart Disease



THE DEVELOPMENT of a machine to take over the functions of the heart and lungs has been a challenging problem for medical research scientists. By pumping and oxygenating the blood, while by-passing heart and lungs, such a device would permit corrective surgery within the inner chambers of the heart. Having been used successfully in numerous operations on animals, such equipment now appears to be approaching practical reality as a new weapon against heart disease.

The choice of Mallory capacitors for use in the electronic controls of equipment of this type is a new tribute to their dependability in a service where performance is literally a matter of life or death. This same dependability has been demonstrated in a host of different installations—in the electrocardiograph and electron microscope, in radio and radar, in television receivers and airplane controls—in virtually every type of electronic equipment.

The Mallory reputation for quality is not happenstance. It results from a long-standing policy of pioneering leadership in the Company's diverse fields of activity—leadership not necessarily in dollar volume but in terms of quality of product, reliability as a source of supply and prices commensurate with modern and efficient methods of production.

To improve design, increase production or reduce costs, manufacturers of any product involving metallurgy, electronics, electrochemistry or electromechanics are invited to make use of Mallory creative engineering. You will find it a service that extends far beyond the sale.

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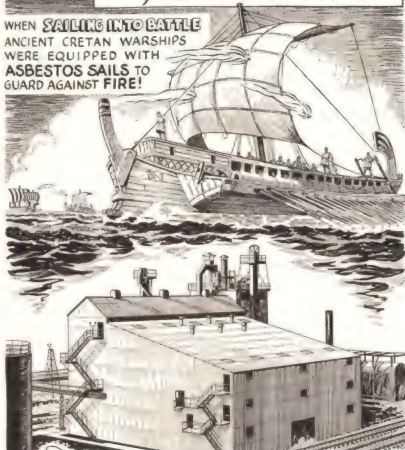
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It's industry's best buy in roofing and siding! "Century" Asbestos-Cement Corrugated is strong and durable; it can't burn—resists weather, rot, rust, and corrosive industrial fumes; rodents and termites can't hurt it. "Century" Corrugated never needs protective painting to preserve it. What's more, "Century" Corrugated is economical as well as long lasting. It can quickly be applied over any steel framework—without scaffolding—by using "TOP-SIDE"™ Fasteners. If you are erecting a new plant, or expanding or modernizing an existing plant, it will pay you to get the complete story on "Century" Asbestos-Cement Corrugated. We'll be glad to send it on request!

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was thinking of taking away what it had given. In Manhattan's granite-columned Bar Association Building, an advisory panel of the Salary Stabilization Board held hearings to determine whether stock options are inflationary, and can therefore be forbidden under the Defense Production Act.

Up popped Republic Steel Corp.'s Counsel T. F. Patton. Said he: Republic needs a stock option plan to hold on to its top executives. Last year, before the company adopted its plan, Republic lost three top men to other companies which offered fat extra-salary benefits; even President Charles M. White had been approached. But Lawyer Arthur Dean of Manhattan's top-drawer firm of Sullivan & Cromwell probed right to the heart of the matter. Unless companies can reward their executives by such devices as stock options, said Dean, they will slip away in increasing numbers to enter business for themselves. In many a U.S. community, hard-working dealers who own their own businesses are making more real income than the heads of companies whose products they sell.

At week's end, the panel recessed, undecided whether stock options are inflationary or not. Also undecided: If the option plans are thrown out, by what other means will U.S. industry find merit incentives for its top management?

RAILROADS

Ninth Raise

The Interstate Commerce Commission last week gave U.S. railroads a freight-rate increase—for most of them, the ninth such raise since the end of World War II. Eastern roads got permission to raise their rates 9%; lines in other regions got 6%. Railroad men estimate that the boost will bring in \$564 million more a year in revenue. The railroads had asked for a 15% increase, were opposed by the Office of Price Stabilization, which argued that any increase would be passed on to consumers. But ICC decided the railroads needed the money "to meet the needs of national defense." Now one of the railroads' big worries is whether the new hike will shift more freight to the growing trucking industry.

RETAIL TRADE

The Supermerchants

Even blasé New Yorkers gawked at the razzle-dazzle last week when Food Fair Stores Inc. opened two spick & span new supermarkets. Skywriting planes swept overhead. Models paraded by in hats adorned with holsters and sirloin steaks. Mayor Impellitteri came to shop. Tex & Jinx McCrory put on a broadcast, and television's Dagmar, surrounded by a crowd of 7,000, had her automobile license plates ripped off as souvenirs. Inside the air-conditioned stores, shoppers snatched at bargains (chicken at 39¢ a lb.), bogged at such curiosities as ostrich eggs at \$45 apiece, llama steaks at \$8.50 a lb.

All this whoopla was nothing new to George and Sam Friedland, the hard-selling





How to Handle Perishables? The Dairy People Agree 100%

THE handling and processing of milk and milk products is one of the nation's major industries—and a mighty delicate, painstaking business, too! But, if dairymen have never-ending problems of protecting flavor and purity, and of keeping maintenance and cleaning costs down, they also have a never-failing helper. It's Allegheny Metal.

For many years now, practically every item of equipment that has gone into a milk-processing plant has been made of stainless steel. From the receiving tanks to the bottle or package, and from one end of the country to the other, milk products today seldom come in contact with anything but stainless. As good businessmen, dairymen have found that nothing else can do the job as well. No other commercial metal is at once as strong, as corrosion resistant, as easy to clean and keep clean, and as lifetime-lasting in service.

The dairy and food industries, of course, class as essential uses for Allegheny Metal. There are many others: in the processing of chemicals,

drugs and petroleum products, for example—and in planes, ships and many other vital items of defense equipment. Naturally, some less essential uses have to give way, but there are ways to spread the supply of stainless steel farther.

For one, we're continuing our many-million-dollar program of expanding production. For others, we offer every assistance to fabricators to make more efficient use of stainless steel, and to find alternate grades which will use less of the critical alloying materials. *Let us work with you!*

* * * * *

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Ready Mixes for Pie Crusts, Biscuits, and Muffins assure kitchen triumphs to the greenest bride. A few years ago these clever products didn't exist nor did the kind of packages that made them possible—many developed by Rhinelander.

Paper at home and afield



Fine meat off the range poses dozens of tricky packaging worries. For years the Packers have relied on the special properties of Rhinelander G and G* Task Paper to help solve the meat industry's many problems of protection and merchandising.

*Glassine and Gossopool—the functional papers that do so many jobs well.



RHINELANDER, WISCONSIN

brothers who run Food Fair Stores. They have pyramided a single small butcher shop into a chain of 131 big stores, the seventh biggest food chain in the U.S. Moreover, they have made it unique as the only major chain which consists of nothing but supermarkets. It is so efficient that it can usually meet the prices of such giants as A & P and Safeway, yet nets more out of every sales dollar (2.30¢) than any other chain in the big eight (A & P's net: 1.15¢). Last year, on sales of \$205 million, it netted \$4,700,000.

Board Chairman Sam Friedland, now 54, and President George, 49, have been handling food since their boyhood, when they cut meat in their father's kosher butcher shop in Bayonne, N.J. In 1921, they scraped up \$1,000, and opened their own meat store in Harrisburg, Pa. In



GEORGE FRIEDLAND & FRIEND*
Dagmar lost her plates.

eleven years, they built a string of 25 small food shops in Pennsylvania.

When supermarkets blossomed in the early '30s, the Friedlands were among the first to realize that they would permanently change the food business. They rented an old garage in Harrisburg, launched "The Giant Quality Food Price Cutter, bringing many carloads of the finest foods at ridiculously low prices." Samples: eggs, 1¢ apiece; oranges, 7¢ a dozen. In the first week, the giant grossed \$15,000, more than all their other Harrisburg stores combined.

Promptly, the Friedlands dumped all their small stores, plowed every dime into supers. In five years, they owned 22; sales soared to \$13.5 million. Main secret of the Friedlands' success is quick service to move goods fast. All new Food Fairs have low counters so that the housewife can quickly spot whatever she wants and move on. The Friedlands were fast to adopt pre-packaged meat; their new stores have a conveyor-belt system for groceries at the

© New York's Mayor Impelleriti.



Working Efficiency Improved! Iowa Dentist Gives Credit To Frigidaire Air Conditioning

IOWA CITY, IOWA—"Since installing Frigidaire Room Air Conditioners, the physical properties of my dental materials—particularly plastics—have been consistent even during hot, humid weather," says Dr. Wm. H. Ward of 305 Iowa State Bank Building. "And this fact, plus the fine dehumidifying and cooling jobs the units do, has greatly improved my own efficiency. The conditioners are quiet and economical, and I like the service given me by my Frigidaire Dealer, Swail's Refrigeration Sales & Service, Iowa City."



Room Air Conditioner

FREE! See how you can cut your costs—*increase your profits*. Call your Frigidaire Dealer today for a free Refrigeration Security Analysis of your refrigeration equipment. Or write Frigidaire Division of General Motors, Dayton 1, Ohio.

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made different
Definitely
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Mr. Boston Distiller Inc., Boston, Massachusetts

TIME, AUGUST 20, 1951

checkout counter, and teams of five to count and package the orders. The Friedlands are moving just as fast as the customers. In the next year, they plan to build 19 new stores.

ADVERTISING

Jackpot

Merrill Lynch, Pierce, Fenner & Beane, the biggest U.S. stockbroker, likes Wheaties. It took ads this spring in 90 U.S. newspapers ("We like Wheaties because") to explain why. In running a \$50,000 contest, Wheaties' maker, General Mills Inc., had decided to pay the winners in stocks. Not to be outdone, General Mills took ads of its own, announcing that Merrill Lynch would advise the winners on what to buy, and General Mills will pick up the



John Y. Collier

Mrs. McGuire
Fun was fun.

tab for the commission. Thus both firms hoped to spread the public's interest in ownership of U.S. industry.

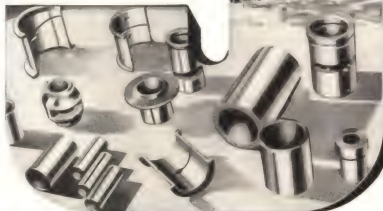
Down in High Shoals, Ga. (pop. 217), a 26-year-old housewife named Mrs. Irvin H. McGuire had paid no attention whatever to all this foofaraw. She did not even see the General Mills ad until June 18, the closing day of the contest. Just for fun, she tore out the blank, dashed off the required completion to the sentence "I like Wheaties because . . ." She forgot all about it (including what she wrote) until a General Mills man knocked at the door. His very name, Golden Aurelius Pickle, bespoke good fortune. Said he: "You have won one of the top prizes."

This week General Mills, still keeping Mrs. McGuire's slogan to itself, will announce that she has won the top prize: \$25,000. General Mills' President Leslie N. Perrin and Merrill Lynch's Managing Partner Winthrop Smith are flying to High Shoals to give Mrs. McGuire her prize and free advice. Mrs. McGuire, mother of two small children and wife of

You'll discover JOHNSON Sleeve Bearings... Everywhere

YOU'LL have to
hunt for them because Johnson
Bearings are hidden deep in the
operating mechanism. There they
are helping the machine operate
smoothly and efficiently.

Johnson Bearings are available
from stock; also made to user's
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Johnson Bronze

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Sleeve Bearing
Headquarters
since 1901.



*In these hands...
reflection of good
sound management*

A clean, modern washroom with a good supply of hot water, soap, and ScotTissue Towels shows a high regard for employees . . . helps to build better relations. You won't find a softer, more absorbent towel than famous ScotTissue. They stay tough when wet and they're less expensive in the long run, because one towel dries both hands.

Washrooms rank as one of the four most important factors in good working conditions—according to a survey of workers from 400 plants. Always specify ScotTissue Towels, and you'll be doing your organization a real favor. For suggestions and sample plans on how to improve washrooms generally call on the Scott Washroom Advisory Service, Chester, Pennsylvania.

Trade Marks "ScotTissue," "Washroom Advisory Service," Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

SCOTTISSUE TOWELS
Symbol of the right kind of washroom

an Army lieutenant stationed in Germany, had already picked out one investment. "I'm going to get some General Mills stock," said she. "I've got a real affection for that company."

FURS

What's in a Name?

To many a euphemizing U.S. furrier, a skunk is not a skunk at all. It is a "genuine civet cat," "Alaska sable" or "black marten." For four years, the Federal Trade Commission has been trying to get Congress to outlaw fancy names for common furs, last week finally won out when President Truman signed such a bill. Under it, the FTC will issue a "Fur Products Name Guide," which furriers will have to obey, e.g., black Manchurian dogs will be known as black Manchurian dogs, and not as "Belgium lynx" or "black poiret fox."

The chief casualty of the new labels is



Honnet Mieth—LIFE

FURRIER'S FRIEND
No Baltic leopard, he.

that old stand-by, the rabbit, which for years has traveled under a host of now illegal pseudonyms. Among them: Arctic seal, Baltic leopard, Belgium beaver, blue-rette, castorette, chinchillette, erminette, French sable, Galland squirrel, marmotine, minkony, moline, nurietette and twin beaver. Maximum penalty for mislabeling: \$5,000 fine and a year in jail.

MODERN LIVING

No Time to Quit

Most American men do not want a life of complete leisure when they reach retirement age. So Northwestern National Life Insurance Co. concluded last week after polling 3,000 of its policyholders of all ages. Results: only 24% wanted to stop working altogether at retirement age, 39% hoped to cut down their work load slightly, while 37% preferred to keep going full steam as long as they could. Their favorite goal for part-time occupation after retirement: small-scale farming. Most popular hobby: hunting & fishing.

TIME, AUGUST 20, 1951



NYLONS... MADE WITH BRICK

• Those gossamer threads were once a lump of coal, baking in the fierce heat of a coke-oven... an oven lined with refractory brick, the only material capable of withstanding such temperatures, which often exceed 3000 degrees.

Containing heat is refractories' job. In blast and open hearth furnaces to make iron and steel; in smelters of copper and zinc; in making glass and chemicals; in the fireboxes of locomotives; in your own fireplace at home.

Without refractory brick there would be no heat, light and power; no metals, no manufacturing, no transportation as we know them today... and no nylons.

The duties refractories are called upon to perform are

so many and varied... the demands upon their performance are so constantly increasing in severity... manufacturing them calls for the highest expression of the physical and chemical sciences.

Refractories are literally sold on prescription. For the right ones lead to finer products, lower costs... the wrong ones to waste. General Refractories providing a complete refractories service, is in a position to prescribe the right ones for your business... and supply them.

GENERAL REFRACTORIES COMPANY
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AIR-MAZING FACTS

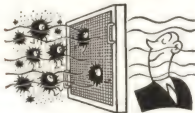
O.S.GOLW



DUST KEEPS SUN UP LATE!
Ever notice how a pencil appears to bend in a glass of water? The same thing happens to light passing through the earth's dusty atmosphere. As a result you can still see the sun after it's below the horizon.



COUNTER ATTACK! Dust falling on counter displays can cost stores thousands of dollars in shopworn merchandise. Leading stores stop dust, dirt and even smoke with Electromaze® electrostatic air filters. File-drawer construction makes installation and servicing easy.



BAD AIR GETS FRESH START! Air-Maze panel filters keep damaging dust and grit out of engine rooms, diesel locomotive cabs, offices, etc. They're all-metal, cleanable, have high dirt-holding capacity and low pressure drop. Available in a wide variety of types and sizes.

WHETHER YOU BUILD OR USE engines, compressors, air-conditioning and ventilating equipment, or any device using air or liquids—the chances are there is an Air-Maze filter engineered to serve you better. Representatives in all principal cities, or write Air-Maze Corporation, Cleveland 5, Ohio.

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AIR FILTERS
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GREASE FILTERS

CINEMA

Slapstick on the Tiber

The lavish (\$6,500,000) production of M-G-M's supercolossal *Quo Vadis*, which was filmed with the help of 30,000 extras along the banks of the Tiber, amused some Italian onlookers almost as much as it impressed others. Last week in Rome, the Industrie Cinematografiche Sociali finished a good-humored satire called *O.K. Nerone* (rhymes with Peron-eh), a slapstick take-off on *Quo Vadis* in particular and extravagant U.S. movie spectacles in general.

Filed among the neoclassic marble buildings built by Mussolini for a world's fair that never came off, *Nerone* centers on two sightseeing U.S. sailors who are knocked unconscious by thugs, carried back to a dream world of Nero's Rome. For the rest of the picture they caper happily through bosomy bedroom scenes, run afoul of a fleshy Nero, are finally thrown into the arena where they organize the gladiators for a rousing game of American-style football. Sample scene: Nero's seductive wife Poppaea (played by Italy's top pin-up girl Silvana Pampanini) lolling in a vast Roman bath, clad in a flesh-colored bathing suit.

O.K. Nerone is scheduled for release next fall—just after the opening of *Quo Vadis*, so that Italian audiences can have their cake and eat it, too.

Dancers Wanted

With *Show Boat* and *Caruso* piling up record grosses across the nation, Hollywood's moviemakers are scrambling to get aboard the new bandwagon. By the end of this year the major studios alone will have produced 39 musicals (16 more than last year), plus a dozen more pictures with a yeasty leavening of singing and dancing. Among them: *An American in Paris* (with music from George Gershwin's suite of the same name), *Texas Carnival*, *Belle of New York*. One result of the new trend: Hollywood is running so short of dancing talent that the Central Casting Agency is canvassing all local dance schools, promising movie auditions to students between 18 and 28.

New Picture

David and Bathsheba (20th Century-Fox), apparently inspired by the phenomenal box-office take (\$11 million in its first year) of *Samson and Delilah*, sends Hollywood back to the Bible for another censorship-proof tale of a strong man's weakness for a beautiful woman. Like the Cecil B. DeMille opus, the new epic is a Technicolor concocted from equal parts of sex, spectacle and religion. But Producer Darryl F. Zanuck's mixture, neither so rich nor so heady as its predecessor, comes dangerously close to serving as a sleeping potion.

David and Bathsheba takes itself much more seriously than *Samson and Delilah*. Scripter Philip Dunne has made a literate adaptation of the story from the second



NERO & POPPAEA
Foul play can be fun.

book of *Samuel*. His characterizations of David (Gregory Peck), a national hero gone cynical, lax and unpopular, and Bathsheba (Susan Hayward), a proud, shrewd charmer, are thoughtful and thorough. And Peck's performance carries surprising authority.

But the script is more notable for words than action, and its pretensions to serious drama are undermined by a plot that never quite overcomes its resemblance to boudoir farce. Uriah the Hittite (Kieron Moore), whom David cheats first of his wife and then of his life, may well be the most gullible cuckold in literature; even



DAVID & BATHSHEBA
Adultery can be dull.

played straight, the character seems like a fugitive from a Molière comedy.

To give the story an upbeat ending that its ancient chronicler overlooked, Scripter Dunne confronts the sinful David with a rebellious populace, a drought in the land and an angry Raymond Massey, who, as Nathan the Prophet, speaks loudly and carries a big stick. All can be made well—and obviously will be—if David will return to the prayerful, God-fearing ways of his youth. While David prays, the movie unaccountably wanders off on a tangent in flashback, interrupting its climax for a blow-by-blow account of how young David slew Goliath, played by hulking (6 ft. 8½ in., 320 lbs.) Wrestler Walter ("The Polish Angel") Talun.

Disappointing as spectacle, *David and Bathsheba* is no more successful in its frank tale of adultery. Even the most sensational episodes are weighted down with portentous airs and long-winded prattle, and while the picture gathers an ever loftier mood of religiosity, David and Bathsheba seem to spend nearly as much time suffering and repenting their sins as committing them.

Also Showing

The Secret of Convict Lake (20th Century-Fox) leads five escaped convicts through a mountain blizzard and into an isolated valley inhabited only by the womenfolk and children of some absent gold prospectors. In this suspenseful setting for a war between the sexes, the women at first have the advantage of guns, mobility and an able, if ailing, leader in Ethel Barrymore. Restricted to a single cabin and kept indoors by the threat of a well-handled rifle, the convicts use the sickness of one of their number, a fire in a stable and the way of a man with a maid to break the feminine ranks.

But after this promising start, *Convict Lake* turns into a routine western, with Convict Glenn Ford gunning for the man who framed him and being reformed by the love of a good woman (Gene Tierney). When the prospectors come back over the mountain, the stage is set for a good deal of indiscriminate bloodletting during which Ford gets his man and inherits his girl, and one of the convicts, Rapist Richard Hylton, is pitchforked to death by the aroused women.

Peking Express (Hol Wallis; Paramount) sets out on a topical excursion into Communist China, but quickly turns into a typical train-borne melodrama, running on the same tracks as 1932's *Shanghai Express*. For all its world-shaking airs and its batting around of ideological platitudes, the picture carries (and is carried by) the standard load of sinister passengers scheming at cross-purposes, and the hero's burp gun has the last word.

Among the passengers: an idealistic doctor (Joseph Cotten) on a mission for the U.N.'s World Health Organization, a somewhat shopworn adventuress (Corinne Calvet), a Roman Catholic priest (Edmund Gwenn), an arrogant Chinese Communist journalist, an oily war lord



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can say "Goodbye to fuses"

• For more than a decade Cutler-Hammer Multi-Breakers have brought truly modern electrical circuit protection to modern homes. In place of troublesome fuses, neat, compact, easily-reset circuit breakers stand guard against overloads. When lights go off there are no fuses to hunt, nothing to buy, nothing to replace... just resetting a little lever to its original "ON" position restores service in a jiffy. This has marked an important step forward in electrical safety and convenience.

Today architects, architects' electrical engineers and electrical contractors welcome the logical

extension of this better circuit protection to larger buildings and are now widely using the new line of Cutler-Hammer NMO Breakerpanels which make this possible. Nationally available through nearly 500 authorized electrical distributors in all needed types to handle from 8 to 42 lighting circuits per panel, Cutler-Hammer NMO Breakerpanels are the outstanding choice of those who insist on the utmost in safety, convenience and dependability. CUTLER-HAMMER, Inc., 1308 St. Paul Avenue, Milwaukee 1, Wisconsin.





"Modern Hospital of the Year" Uses



Air Conditioning & Refrigeration

The Comanche County Memorial Hospital at Lawton, Okla., chosen as the outstanding institution of 1950 by the Modern Hospital magazine, has 100 beds, serves 60,000 people.



Two Frick NEW "ECLIPSE" compressors, of 30 hp. each, provide air conditioning, and two other Frick machines cool four boxes for food service. Installation by the King Engineering Co., Frick distributors at Oklahoma City. Paul Harris, architect.

For your "project of the year" specify Frick cooling equipment.

Frick NEW "ECLIPSE" Refrigerating Machines Have 2, 3, 4, 6 or 9 Cylinders to Suit Any Need



Also Builders of Power Farming and Sawmill Machinery

(Marvin Miller), who plays ball with the Reds while enriching himself on the black market in U.N. medical supplies, and his estranged wife, a Nationalist sympathizer.

While Cotten busily talks up the virtues of democracy, War Lord Miller stabs his wife, orders his uniformed bandits to stop the train and seize the passengers as hostages, shoots stray characters in the



JOSEPH COTTEN & FELLOW PASSENGERS

The burp gun has the lost word.

back, tortures the journalist with a hot iron, and earmarks Corinne for what was regarded in some circles, back in the days when this plot was young, as the fate worse than death. In the carnage that rights these wrongs, *Peking Express* seems to prove only that human life in this type of melodrama is almost as cheap as in China itself.

On Moonlight Bay (Warner) is a folksy period musical somewhat casually adapted from the Penrod stories of Booth Tarkington, whose *Seventeen* is currently a Broadway musical comedy. Set in an innocent, brightly colored Indiana during World War I, the picture is strictly summer-weight material—thin, porous and not at all wrinkleproof, but comfortably loose and light.

Tarkington's beloved small-boy fiend, no longer even called Penrod, takes a back seat in this script to his teen-age sister (Doris Day), a tomboy in the process of discovering that romance can be even more fun than baseball. Doris is wooed by a dull, respectable type (Jack Smith), who has the approval of her banker-father (Leon Ames), and by an Indiana University senior (Gordon MacRae), who, bursting with collegiate radicalism, rather thinks that all banks ought to be blown up. Further complication is provided by the pesky kid brother (Billy Gray), who still gets out of scrapes by getting his family into them, e.g., he wins the sympathy



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of an angry teacher by confiding that papa is really a secret drinker.

Despite its familiarity, *On Moonlight Bay* benefits from congenial players and unpretentious staging, especially in its musical numbers. Actor Ames makes father a likable stuffed shirt, and the able playing of young Actor Gray gives the picture its closest tie to Tarkington. Actress Day (27) does not quite pass for an 18-year-old, but her freshness keeps her in character and, like Co-Star MacRae, she sings pleasantly. Among such old favorites as the title song, the score delivers a bouncy new tune: *Love Ya*.

Rich, Young and Pretty (M-G-M), aglow with Technicolor and plush sets, treats a light cinemusical subject with the litterscotch-caramel sentimentality of the lobby-soxers it is designed to please. The subject: pleasures and pitfalls of romance for Texans in Paris.

Jane Powell, the veteran teen-age heroine, plays the daughter of a wealthy Texan (Wendell Corey with mustache); the mother is a chanteuse (Danielle Darrieux) who ran back to Paris when she got fed up with Texas. When Jane's father takes her along to Paris on his mission for the State Department, he tangles with two problems: 1) keeping the mother away from the girl; 2) keeping the girl from repeating his own mistake by marrying an eager young Frenchman (Vic Damone).

The movie tackles its situations without verve or humor, and handles its lightweight problems as ponderously as if they had been propounded by Ibsen in one of his gloomier moods. It offers the mild compensations of an opulent production, the agreeable sight of Actress Darrieux in her first Hollywood picture since 1938's *Rage of Paris*, and a couple of hummable tunes, *We Never Talk Much*, and *Paris*. It also celebrates Crooner Vic Damone's movie debut with a triumph of miscasting; as a dashing, ambitious Frenchman, he projects all the earnest ardor of a tenderfoot taking the Scout oath.

CURRENT & CHOICE

Strangers on a Train. Alfred Hitchcock's implausible but dazzlingly tricky thriller about a psychopath (Robert Walker) with a new scheme for foolproof murder (TIME, July 16).

The Frogmen. How the Navy's underwater demolition teams cleared invasion beaches in World War II; with Richard Widmark, Dana Andrews, Gary Merrill (TIME, July 9).

Four in a Jeep. The timely story of a four-power MP patrol in Vienna, split by the plight of a Viennese girl in trouble with the Soviet command; with Viveca Lindfors, Ralph Meeker (TIME, June 18).

Oliver Twist. Director David (Great Expectations) Lean's brilliant adaptation of the Charles Dickens novel; with Alec Guinness, John Howard Davies, Robert Newton (TIME, May 14).

On the Riviera. Danny Kaye plays a double role in a cinemusical whose laughs, songs and dances sparkle as brightly as its Technicolor (TIME, May 7).



Why wear a blindfold, Mr. Shipper?

Why not enjoy the benefits of B&O's *Automatic Records*—an important feature of Sentinel Service. As if removing a blindfold, we inform you and the receiver, through *Automatic Records*, what has happened if the schedule of your car is interrupted; and, again, when it has been reforwarded.

Supplementing the siding-to-siding dependability of Sentinel Service, *Automatic Records* offer shippers (both on and off line) another reason for routing their carloads via B&O's Sentinel Service. Ask our man!



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BOOKS

Archbishop's Parable

THE MANGO ON THE MANGO TREE (260 pp.)—David Mathew—Knopf (\$3).

The eleven passengers on the big airliner over Africa were an ill-assorted lot. Even before the forced landing beyond Khartoum, anyone could have guessed that only the civilized amenities would keep their clashing backgrounds and personalities from breaking into open nastiness. Lij Makonnen, for example, was an effete Ethiopian prince on his way home from Paris. He hated all Englishmen—especially muscular Christian colonizers like young Peter Richards, who gloried in the weight of the white man's burden. Even on the dark side of the color line which galled the three Africans aboard, there was no brotherhood. To Mr. O. K. Chibude, a leftist civil servant on the make, native Missionary Josiah Selwyn was a timid object of contempt. Lij Makonnen despised them both.

As a part-time novelist, Author Mathew, Roman Catholic archbishop and Apostolic Delegate for Eastern and Western British Africa, is less charitable than his fellow novelist, Cardinal Spellman (*The Foundling*). A 49-year-old Englishman who started out to be a Navy officer, he shows nearly as much contempt as compassion for his cast of travelers. He wastes no time storytelling. Instead, having his characters where he wants them, he expertly lays bare their frustrations and the cheap ambitions that spur them on. When he brings them down with engine trouble, it is only to show how they disintegrate in adversity.

Most of the men & women in Novelist Mathew's planeload are in Africa for uninspiring reasons, e.g., failure at home,



AUTHOR MATHEW

Confession is good for the novel.



By Permission of Publisher

HIGHWAYMAN MACLAINE (RIGHT) & FRIEND AT WORK

"The very noblest specimens of man, considered as an animal."

husbands stationed there. The exception is young Navigator Ivor McKenna, a Catholic, and the spirit that makes him different gives the author his message: "[After confession] he felt a strange lightness and ease, a spring of gratitude, thankfulness to God. . . In a moment he was flooded by a sense of God's mercy. . . At a level beyond personal likings, a deep unity of spirit bound together all those who accepted and were molded by the Catholic Faith."

Archbishop Mathew's point seems to be that his characters are without love for their fellows because they are without love for God. In his zeal, he also seems to be saying that love can express itself—in Africa, at least—only through Catholicism. As a novel, *The Mango on the Mango Tree* becomes a highly literate parable loaded with blunt proselytism.

Gentlemen of the Road

STAND AND DELIVER (287 pp.)—Patrick Pringle—Norton (\$3.75).

*Bold Turpin vance, on Hounslow Heath,
His bold mare Bess bestrode - er;
Ven there he see'd the Bishop's coach
A-coming along the road - er.
So he gallops close to the 'orse's legs,
And he claps his head vithin;
And the Bishop says, "Sure as eggs is
eggs,
This here's the bold Turpin!"
Says Turpin, "You shall eat your words,
With a sarse of leaden bul-let!"
So he puts his pistol to his mouth,
And he fires it down his gul-let.*

—Sam Weller

The courtesy of the road, in truth as in ballad, was subject to broad interpretations on the narrow highways of 17th and 18th Century England. Bold Dick Turpin was one, but only one, of a numerous night-errantry that pranced the moonlight lanes about London, hearts high and pistols level, to cry the hapless traffic to stand and deliver what it had in pocket. "The finest men in England, physically speaking," said Thomas De Quincey, "the very noblest specimens of man, considered as an animal, were the mounted robbers

who cultivated their profession of the great roads."

The story of these natural noblemen, and of their ignoble exceptions, is told for the first time in something like full detail by British Historian Patrick Pringle. His grace of style, his assiduous research in old newspapers and chapbooks, and above all, the teeming fascinations of his subject, make *Stand and Deliver* a fast, exciting excursion down a secondary road of historical inquiry.

Cavaliers & Cromwells. Highway robbery in England began on an amateur footing. One Thomas Dun, a precocious boy who had developed a nervous habit of murdering people, stabbed a farmer one day in the reign of Henry I (1100-1135), confiscated his wain of corn and sold it at Bedford Market. Thereby Dun gave rise to an unpleasant tradition of brutality in a business that otherwise often had its lighthearted moments.

Two of the grislier practitioners of the 17th Century were Thomas Wilmot and William Cady. Once when a lady's ring refused to come off her finger, Highwayman Wilmot cut off the one to get the other; when one lady swallowed her wedding ring to keep it from his clutches, Highwayman Cady slit her belly open and took the ring anyway. Nevertheless, such ferocities were few, especially for an age that hanged a man as promptly for simple theft as for murder.

Highwayman Zachary Howard, a Cavalier who had taken to the road during the Puritan succession, once got the great Cromwell himself in his sights, when they both stopped at the same inn. Cromwell was so impressed with Howard's feints of piety that he invited him to come to his chamber that they might say their good-night prayer together. Howard consented; but once inside the bedroom he exchanged piety for pistols, bound, gagged and robbed the Protector. Then, says one old source, "taking the pan out of a closet that stood in the room, which happened to be pretty well filled, he clapped it on [Cromwell's head], crowning him in such a manner as he deserved."

Many a highwayman prided himself on his gallantry, and one of them, James

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Owners of new cars, and older automobiles too—36,000,000 are on the road in 1951—are finding out that one of their deadliest enemies is *rust*. This red devil, which gets into gasoline station fuel pumps as well as the entire fuel system of your car when moist air in the fuel tank condenses, does costly damage to the tank, carburetor, fuel pump and other vital car parts.

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Machine, the son of a Presbyterian minister, had such a fetching way with his women victims that when he was captured there was an informal day of mourning throughout the nation. "The first Sunday after his condemnation," wrote Horace Walpole, "three thousand people went to see him"—most of them women.

The George & Gallows. Britain's Age of Highwaymen began to wane with the introduction of detectives by Novelist Henry Fielding, during his term as Commissioner of the Peace in London (1748-54). Yet even in their heyday, the highwaymen could seldom cheat the gallows. If not caught in the act of robbery, they were betrayed by a woman scorned or an accomplice deceived. A few of them escaped from prison (William Nevison, for instance, who hired a quack to spot him with bluing and declare him dead of the plague), but almost all were recaptured and bravely took the long cart ride to Tyburn Tree.

"His heart's not great," wrote a poetical one of their number, "that fears a little rope." On the last ride, the condemned highwayman cracked wise to his friends in the crowds that lined the way, and following a custom established by an early gentleman of the road on his way to the gallows,

*... stooped at the George for a bottle of sack,
And promised to pay for it when he came back.*

High-Priced Literature

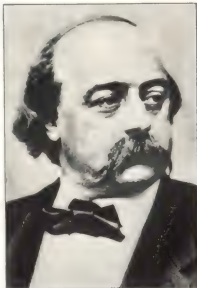
LETTERS OF GUSTAVE FLAUBERT (248 pp.) Edited by Richard Rumbold—Philosophical Library (\$3.75).

Gustave Flaubert was a great novelist, but a slapdash correspondent. These letters, most of them published in English for the first time, have none of the depth and polish of *Madame Bovary*. Often, in fact, they seem to have been written in tired irritation, as if his quest for the right word in his novels had sapped him of energy for anything else. They reflect a dull life but a dedicated one.

Flaubert's great passion was work: the endless quest for verbal perfection. Often he spent weeks on a single page. To his young protégé, Guy de Maupassant, he wrote: "You must—believe me, young man—you must do more work. I am coming to suspect you of being somewhat of an idler. Too many tarts, too much rowing and too much exercise. A cultured man has not as much need of exertion as doctors pretend."

"Old from My Cradle," Flaubert was right about Maupassant, but he suffered from excesses of his own. At 25, he wrote with the weariness of a septuagenarian: "Beneath my youthful exterior lies a strange senility. I do not know what it was that made me old from my cradle, and disgusted me with happiness even before I had tasted it."

He never married, had only one important love affair: with Louise Colet, a literary beauty with considerable experience as the mistress of authors. A large part of



Historical Pictures
GUSTAVE FLAUBERT

Maybe his heart was impotent.

the affair, for Flaubert, seems to have consisted in writing her dismally joyless letters: "Maybe it is my heart that is impotent. This deplorable mania for analysis exhausts me. I doubt everything, even my own doubts." He kept going back to the theme: "I have never been able to give myself up to love; there is something so ridiculous about it. Sometimes I have wanted to please some woman, but I have been so struck by the absurd figure I must be cutting that I have burst out laughing."

"Smutty Passages." A bourgeois himself, he hated the bourgeoisie. His displeasure buzzes through the letters, becomes almost shrill after the loss of part of his fortune in a family lumber venture. When the Paris censors declared *Madame Bovary* immoral, Flaubert was stung in his deepest self-esteem, hit back with fighting fury. As ammunition for the hearing, he collected "the greatest possible number of smutty passages drawn from ecclesiastical writers, particularly from contemporaries." Flaubert routed the prosecution, afterwards exulted in a visceral little report to his brother: "We gave it to them there, hot and strong."

Shortly before his death (in 1880), Flaubert seems to have realized that he had missed too much. After visiting an ordinary happy family, he remarked: "They are right." It was too late to change. To the end he remained true to his craft, but his letters make it clear that the price came high.

Slave & Slaveholder

WILLIAM JOHNSON'S NATCHEZ (812 pp.)—Louisiana State University (\$10).

In ante-bellum Natchez there was a law against selling liquor to Negroes, but in spite of it the slave Steven was always getting drunk. When he drank, he tried to escape. When he was caught, he was flogged. On Aug. 10, 1840, his master's

Medal of Honor



Private First Class Melvin Brown, of Mahaffey, Pennsylvania—Medal of Honor for valor in action near Kasan, Korea, September 4, 1950. Stubbornly holding an advanced position atop a wall, Pfc. Brown stood off attacking North Koreans until all his rifle ammunition and grenades were gone. When last seen he was still fighting—with only an entrenching shovel for a weapon—rather than give up an inch of ground.

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The Lathe Unwinds The Years

By
Stewart
Holbrook



TO WATCH a venerable lathe at Simpson Logging Company is to see the decades peel away from a huge fir block, then to flow in a continuous strip which spans time from last Thursday to that dim past when America lay beyond the range of Man's imagination and thus beyond the edge of a flat world.

Peeling a block makes veneer. Three or five layers glued together form plywood. Peeling is done by rotating the block against a long knife. The lathe operator is a highly-skilled man who controls many gadgets, plus the set of the cutting blade; and as the sheet of wood unfolds, he must judge what portion of the block has the satisfactory grain required for the outer layers of plywood, between which the remainder, or core stock, will go.

The operator must be alert, too. His keen eye must never leave the unwinding sheet of wood, for periodically some piece of history will appear in the block and call for instant attention. It may be a length of barbed-wire, grown over and imbedded deep since the day some forgotten homesteader sought to make a farm in the timber. Again, the object may be a hand-made nail, dating from pioneer times. Or, an occasional rifle bullet comes to light, telling of a shot that missed its mark, possibly a wild animal, though I like to think that here and there is a relic of the great hunt for Turnover, the Wild Man of the Olympics, an outlaw for whom two thousand men beat the woods, before he was taken, shooting till he fell.

In any case, when the past is unfolding at the rate of 25 years a minute, a man has little time to ponder the source of relics along the way. He must stop that lathe before the edge of his keen blade has been dulled on History.

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diary shows that he was beaten twice: "After he had been Bro't home, [1] Hand Cuffed him and Flogged Him, In the first place I Knocked him Down at the Building—he then ran away, but was soon Brought Back again . . . I gave Him Late in the afternoon a tolerable severe whipping." Master William Johnson thought he knew how to handle slaves: he had once been a slave himself.

Set free at eleven by the same master who owned and freed his mother, Johnson became an apprentice barber. At 21, he opened a shop of his own in Natchez and prospered. When he married, in 1835, he was a solid man of property, owner of four slaves and the most prosperous barbershop in town. That same year, he began to keep a shrewd and candid diary; when he died in 1851, shot in a boundary dispute by a half-breed, the diary filled 2,000 pages. Rediscovered almost 90 years later in the attic of his old house, *William Johnson's Natchez* is one of those authentic windfalls that period scholars feast on with footnotes, and plain readers enjoy as offbeat browsing.

"Such Things Occur," Natchez tempests ran high in Johnson's day. He reports scores of brawls fought with every conceivable hand weapon from bowie knives to whips. Throughout the diary, doctors and businessmen have at each other with such fury that Johnson seems to be stooping to trivia when he records that "Old man Guinea John" stabbed a foe "Just below the navel. 'Tis supposed that the nife has Cut a Gut."

Johnson accepted brawling as routine, but he was by no means tolerant of other kinds of misconduct. Before his marriage, he carefully entered in his account books so-called expenditures for "Sensuality" and "Sensual Pleasure"; afterward, such entries stop. As a respectable father (ten children), he was roused by the rascalities of a French wench, hoped that "Some Gentleman would only Catch the Low minded Dog and Cow hyde him well." Sadly he reports: "A Mr. ----- was caught in bed with Mr. Parkers old Big Black woman Buster and a Mr. ----- was Caught in bed with old Lucy Brustie. Hard times indeed, when Such things Occur."

As a barber, Johnson picked up plenty of gossip right in his shop, but he also got around town. He owned a farm, did a steady business as money lender, ran a thriving bathhouse and hired out slaves. Next to business, his passion was "manly sport." He seems to have spent as much time at the busy Natchez race track as he did in his shop, bet regularly, and finally owned his own race horses. Marksmanship and hunting ran racing a close second. Unfortunately, Johnson would shoot anything that moved, from alligators to robins. A typical day's bag: "2 Squirrels, 1 white Crane, 4 or 5 Alligators, 2 tolerable Large Snakes and 1 very Large one, water Mockersins, 1 frog."

Henry Clay & Mrs. Morris. There were still other sides to Johnson. He subscribed to newspapers and magazines (including the *New York Mirror*), learned to play the guitar and followed local and national

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politics. At 12½¢ a shave, 25¢ a haircut, his shop—for white men only—sometimes took in \$30 a day, and he lived accordingly. In his house were piano, guitar, flute and violins. He left a library of several hundred volumes, including French and Spanish grammars and Shakespeare. But for William Johnson, free man of color who hired white help on his farm and had many white well-wishers, there was still a line which he could never cross. Even when he decided to hear a famous visiting Methodist preacher, he had to listen from outside the church.

Johnson's diary is fragmentary and generally superficial. What makes it good skimming is its colloquial freshness and directness. Johnson never wrote like a man who expected that Louisiana State University would one day publish his literary remains. He recorded the visits to Natchez of Henry Clay and Andrew Jackson, but with true neighborly interest and relief he also noted that "Mrs Mary Morris has a fine Daughter Last night. She got married 24th May 1849. Thus it is 9 months and 5 days."

RECENT & READABLE

Moonfleet, by J. Meade Falkner. First U.S. publication of a turn-of-the-century English classic about smugglers, diamonds and growing boys, for people who reread *Treasure Island* (TIME, Aug. 13).

The Cruel Sea, by Nicholas Monsarrat. A moving novel of life & death on the Atlantic convoy lanes in World War II (TIME, Aug. 6).

Yangtze Incident, by Lawrence Earl. The story of H.M.S. *Amethyst's* memorable dash down the Yangtze after 101 days under Communist guns (TIME, July 23).

The Catcher in the Rye, by J. D. Salinger. A tender-tough story about a 16-year-old who tries on a man-about-town role several sizes too large for him (TIME, July 16).

The Sea Around Us, by Rachel Carson. The life & times of the sea; a first-class popular summary of what scientists have managed to learn about the subject (TIME, July 16).

Traveller's Samples, by Frank O'Connor. Warmhearted Irish stories with an edge to them (TIME, July 16).

This Is War! by David Douglas Duncan. Superb photographs that give an unrivaled sense of what Korea has been like for the foot soldiers who slugged it out (TIME, June 25).

The Teahouse of the August Moon, by Vern Sneider. The U.S. Army sets out to re-educate an Okinawan village and, thanks to ingrained Okinawan philosophy and a couple of geisha girls, gets a dose of re-education of its own (TIME, June 25).

A Soldier's Story, by Omar N. Bradley. The top U.S. military man records the war in Western Europe (TIME, June 18).

The Age of Elegance, by Arthur Bryant. Third volume of a brilliant historical trilogy on England during the Napoleonic era (TIME, June 11).

Some Notes on Lifemanship, by Stephen Potter. How to be a conversational cad (TIME, June 4).



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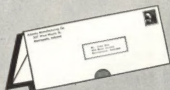


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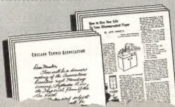
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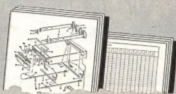
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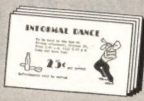
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Odd Man Out. In Winnipeg, Best Man Samuel Klein pleaded guilty to stealing the bridegroom's honeymoon train tickets.

Guided Tour. In St. Louis, when police caught up with James Loeffler, who had gone through a stop light at 65 m.p.h. with no lights and defective brakes, they discovered that his companion was a driving instructor.

Good Riddance. In Okmulgee, Okla., five-year-old Tony Whitley explained to his bootlegging father why he told raiding policemen where the moonshine was hidden: "Well, Daddy, they've been here so many times and never found anything and I thought if they found something they wouldn't come back."

Free Enterprise. In Salem, Ore., two trustees were back behind bars after Warden George Alexander checked their thriving outside egg-delivery business, discovered the eggs were stolen from the prison farm.

Controlled Economy. In Adelaide, Australia, to save farmers the trouble of milking seven days a week, Governor Sir Willoughby Norrie suggested that they investigate the possibility of hormone treatments, discover a way to keep cows from giving milk on weekends.

Obstacle Course. At Camp Lejeune, N.C., Marine Pfc. Thomas Byrd petted a cat, learned too late it was a skunk, next day got badly stung by a hornet, the following day was bitten by a rattlesnake, upon discharge from the hospital stubbed his toe on the hospital steps, limped back to bed.

Liquid Assets. In New Orleans, Alan Austin advertised in the *Times-Picayune*: "Lost—brand-new, one-car garage, overhead door, red roof. Builder's sample. Will sell at cost. Left Kansas City... by flood, should pass New Orleans."

Mixmaster. In Chicago, Orville Andrews told police how they would be able to identify his missing car: a 1949 Chevrolet convertible body, mounted on a 1939 Studebaker chassis, with a 1949 Kaiser front bumper, a 1949 Oldsmobile rear bumper, a 1949 Chevrolet grille and a 1950 Studebaker engine.

Tie That Binds. In Forest Lake, Pa., during an election to decide whether or not the community should ban liquor sales, the dries had a one-vote margin until an absentee ballot arrived from soldier Andrew Kveragas, son of the township's only tavern owner.

Boom & Bust. In Stambaugh, Mich., Mrs. Mayme Hall was only slightly injured when the .22 pistol she carried in her brassiere went off.



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